

# CAVALCADE

WEEKLY  
LITERATURE  
AND  
ART

*The* **DIGEST** *of Today*



*To Mariners of England! Whose flag has borne  
a thousand men the battle and the breeze!*



# HAVE HITLER'S PLANS MISARRIED?

PIERRE VAN PAASSEN

*New York correspondence in the Balkans and Middle East  
tells Hitler further from the German homeland—Britain*

We in America are part of a world that Hitler and his allies plan to divide and redistribute among themselves. Nothing we may do—short of submitting voluntarily to the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis—can alter the fact that we stand in the way. We own that which Hitler wants to control. The Hitler plan calls for a Nazi-dominated "world culture" and "world economy." Berlin is to be the head of a world body that will work and slave for the German *Herrenvolk*, the master-people. If we do not accept such a subordinate role peacefully, we must be conquered. The United States must be made to conform, either by political pressure or, if need be, eventually by military force. That is the basis of Germany's political and diplomatic maneuvers toward us. Of this there can no longer be any doubt.

In his attitude to the United States, Hitler merely follows the formula of "peaceful conquest" that he has so successfully used in Europe and the Balkans. Contrary to the general conception, the Nazi formula for world conquest does not favor wide-scope military action. Tests of strength against a well-prepared opponent are to be avoided whenever possible. The Geopolitical Institute, which still remains the laboratory where the

grandiose blueprints and charts for Hitler's world-conquering ambitions are worked out, counsels military action only as the last resort, when every other means of success has failed. Hence the opponent with Fifth-Column guerrilla tactics, destroy his morale with a show of nerves, terrify him with a show of force, and then give him an opportunity to surrender without fighting. That is the geopolitical recipe.

It worked in Denmark, which was occupied without any real opposition. It succeeded in Norway after a few minor skirmishes. It was totally successful in Sweden and Switzerland, countries now virtually held prisoner without any military action by Germany. Holland, Belgium and France were defeated with a minimum of German casualties, having been prepared for the kill by the "peaceful conquest" formula. Russia represents merely a repetition of the North European procedure. The other South European countries have for some time had only a semblance of independent life. They are firmly held under the Nazi thumb. Their independence might be compared to that of a toothless Hollywood lion surrounded by machine-guns.

By means of this mixture of political terror, blackmail and relatively

minor military action, Hitler has subjugated almost two hundred million people. The fate of France, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, part of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece is directly controlled by Hitler and his allies. Today the European continent, from Gibraltar on the Mediterranean to Constantinople on the Black Sea, is a Nazi-Fascist-dominated block, dancing to the music of Berlin, and governed by the edicts of the *Willehismus*.

Yet despite his phenomenal triumph, Hitler is not close to winning the war. The "perfect" plans of Professor Haushofer, the man who does the thinking for the Fuehrer, reveal a flaw which threatens to upset the entire structure of Germany's success. The learned brain-trusters of the Geopolitical Institute at Munich have miscalculated on two important items: England's readiness to fight to the last man, and the determination of the United States to withstand any threat to its democratic form of life. After painstakingly charting blueprints which divide the globe into spheres of German, Italian and Japanese influence, Hitler has found to his bewilderment that his scholars completely miscalculated the Anglo-Saxon psychology.

But—would fight only to the last Frenchman and Belgian, Hitler had been definitely assured by his geopolitical advisers. In any case, a few thousand bombs on Piccadilly Circus would suffice to turn the plucky Anglo-Saxons. England would not sacrifice her five-o'clock tea and her cozy week-ends for a

mere ideological difference with Berlin! Had Hitler not been told time and again by Downing Street, before the war, that an adjustment between the continental ambitions of Germany and the colonial interests of Great Britain was possible? As for the United States—well, there were ways and means to keep them out of this European conflict. The first World War had surely taught them a lesson. The practical-minded Americans could easily be convinced that what happened to the democratic form of government in the Old World was none of their business.

But something went wrong with the picture. The war did not end with the fall of Paris. The British did not dissolve in panic when Goering sent thousands of Stukas over London. The Churchill Government did not go down when building after building crashed near Trafalgar Square. On the contrary, as time went on, Great Britain grew stronger and was not content to remain on the defensive. She sent Hurricanes and Spitfires squadrons over Germany and Nazi-occupied territory. She retorted for the damage to London by bombing the Petroleum Institute and Unter den Linden in Berlin. Through ammunition, equipment and plane production was hampered, it continued. The discrepancy between the German *Luftwaffe* and the British Royal Air Force gradually came narrower.

At the very height of his triumph, after a miraculous *Blitzkrieg* which smashed France in six weeks, Hitler was stopped in his tracks. Throughout the world the experts and authorities had already discounted the

fall of England. In Rome, Tokyo, and Berlin—though not in Washington and Moscow, it is true—the foreign ministries and war departments took it for granted that any day, any hour, the British Isles would be bombed into submission. Crowds in Berlin waited nightly with ill-concealed impatience for the dash that England had given up. The Italian press enumerated the main points of the coming British-Italian armistice agreement. Even American newspaper editors prepared elaborate layouts, to be used at a moment's notice, when the fall of the mightiest empire. Nobody doubted that Hitler's war juggernaut was still going; fall stood ahead. The fate of England would be sealed whenever the Fuehrer would push the button. But days, weeks and months passed. Hitler pushed the button—and nothing happened.

The Miracle of London had come to pass, like the Miracle of the Marne twenty-six years ago. By their dogged resistance and daily heroism, the British people thwarted the course of Nazi history. Millions crowded into cellars, slept in the subway, fought a twenty-four hour battle against flames that threatened to devour their homes and families—and maintained their defiance of Hitler's rain of bombs and fire. A notion of Churchill's with undoubted discrimination repulsed the world's most terrible aerial onslaught.

How did it happen?

It was not merely that Great Britain had hypnotized herself into believing Hitler had shot his bolt and could not make good his boast of defeating her sea-army, the

English. Somewhere between the fall of Paris and the British preparations to turn back the widely advertised invasion, Britain—from Churchill down to the least barmaid in Soho—became unshakably convinced that the United States, with its incredibly vast resources, legendary industrial power and imperturbable confidence, would not let her down. Somehow the British nation became permeated with a sense of certainty that if it held out against Germany's supreme efforts, if it survived, America's help would tip the balance in its favor at the proper time. No official statement to that effect was ever made by the Churchill Government. The fact is that British diplomats puffed around the issue of American support. Yet the feeling grew, and gave the defenders of England new courage and unerring confidence.

It was not propaganda that woke up this country to the Nazi danger. It was an accumulation of small incidents that by themselves meant little, but which when taken together showed the design of a systematic pattern. There was the undeniable evidence of German political and military penetration in Latin America. Governments in Argentina, Chile and Uruguay narrowly escaped dramatic capture by German-influenced groups. Nazi cosmopolitan pressure began to tell on local governments in Brazil and Colombia. The infiltration of pseudo-commercial groups in Bolivia and Venezuela could no longer be ignored. On the North American continent Nazi espionage work and blind activities reached a new high. Interferences of Nazi consular agents in purely domestic affairs



"Of course, we'd like the streamlined car and tank versions . . . but only mean a slight adjustment to our plans, and everything will be O.K.!"

assimilated. There was no need to dramatize or exaggerate these incidents. They spoke for themselves. Coupled with what had occurred in Europe, viewed in the light of the Fifth-Colonna work in the Low Countries and France, these episodes became for this country a lesson as clear and elementary as a first reader. Although the Washington Government maintained a strict neutrality, the truth could be hidden no longer. The scales suddenly fell from the eyes of the American people. The broad scope of Hitler's intercontinental plans became evident. If it could happen to France and it was threatening England, then there was real danger for the United States.

The isolationist point of view no longer held any validity. Not that this country has ever wanted to become involved in war. By no means! The American desire to keep out of trouble is genuine and nation-wide. We have, indeed, been cherishing the forebarn and unconfronted naive hope that Europe may one day suddenly wake up and straighten itself out, and that Germany's moment of insanity will become a thing of the past, a nightmare best forgotten. But the Nazi idea that the United States would sit by idly and watch the defeat of England, that we would unconcernedly accept Germany's takeover of the French colonial empire in the Western hemisphere and remain unmoved about the Nazification of Latin America—that idea, which formed part of the German plan, proved wrong.

Germany's notorious incapacity for understanding the psychology of other nations, a failing that help-

ed lose the first World War for her, also put a crimp in her plans to finish up the present war according to schedule. Twenty-six years ago German professors had asked their scientific reputation on their progress that France was too degenerate to fight, that John Bull was too indolent to play a serious role in a war, and that the United States would never send an army into the fields of Flanders. Kaiser Wilhelm's experts also were certain that India would rise up against Britain and that the Arabs of the Near East would join with the Turks against England.

The score, as we all know, showed exactly the reverse. The French army proved the best on the continent; the British *Territorials* waged war with the same gusto and high spirits that they had always brought to the cricket-field; and as far as the Yanks were concerned—well, ten weeks after the United States had declared war, fully equipped American soldiers were landing in France. The revolt in India and the Arab uprising never materialized. On the contrary, Great Britain received substantial help from the Hindus and Arabs.

It might, however, be mentioned in passing that Wilhelm's planners did make one correct prognostication and only one. It concerned what would happen in Russia. Here the German General Staff scored a bull's-eye. Not only did they know that the Bolshevik revolution would succeed, but they predicted almost to the day the complete collapse of Russian military resistance.

National characteristics do not change overnight. The gentlemen

who in the first of Professor Haushofer is Munich and supply the Nazi leadership with the blueprints and charts for the campaign of conquest are men of the same stamp as Wilhelm's brain-trustees, who also were going strong—and as a matter of fact almost reached their goal—until one little mistake caused them to stumble. That mistake was their belief that the entry of the United States into the European war would be only a nominal action, an empty gesture incapable of affecting the result on the battlefield.

Generals have a habit of learning from their mistakes. There can be no doubt that the plans executed with such amazing precision by the Hitler army leaders in Poland, Holland, Belgium and France were masterpieces of accuracy. Most probably they would have brought victory to the German army even if its opponents had not been betrayed by their own leaders. The only difference might have been one of time. It would have taken the Germans perhaps two or three times as long to smash through their adversaries' lines, I believe, if the full force of the French army had ever opposed them in a battle to the finish. There can be no question, however, that the plans on which Hitler acts have been prepared much more carefully and with more daring and imagination than were the Kaiser's charts.

But when the Fuehrer's mechanical units reached Paris, and Marshal Petain pleaded for mercy, the German General Staff considered its work done. All its neat packages of maps, charts and plans had been used up. There were no plans for

the Battle of Britain, for the simple reason that England was not supposed to keep up the fight without a continental ally. According to the Berlin plans the Battle of Britain was not scheduled to take place. England, with all her industrial plant intact and her mighty fleet unharmed, was supposed to fall into Hitler's lap without further ado. Thus the men who think for Hitler had prophesied, and so the German ex-corporal had explicitly believed.

For several weeks after the fall of Paris and the signing of the French armistice on June 22, 1940, there was a lull. The Nazi military leaders were stumped. They did not know how to proceed. As far as they were concerned, the war was won. When Hitler on July 15, a month after the capitulation of France, offered peace to Great Britain, the German people leaped back and relaxed, not doubting for a moment that England would agree to call off hostilities. Hitler's appeal to England for peace was, indeed, most humble in its tone in comparison with the German armistice terms to France. Before the Reichstag in Berlin the Fuehrer declared that the two cardinal aims of his foreign policy had been friendship with England and with Italy. "In this hour," Hitler said solemnly, "I feel myself obliged to make one more appeal to reason to England." Only when the Churchill Cabinet unequivocally rejected the peace proposal, only then, and reluctantly, did the Goering *Luftwaffe* gradually increase its bombing expeditions over England. Gloom reigned at the conference table of the Germans

Military Academy when reliable reports reached it that no symptoms of Britain's cracking could be detected.

Hitler's plan for the conquest of the world had to be rerafted. Its two separate episodes had to be united into one single act. The intermission for which the authors had provided no longer existed. This became obvious to our German plan-makers. The first act, according to the original script, was to have ended with the fall of Paris, which was to have meant the end of the European war. If England surrendered or accepted a patched-up peace, that first act was to have been followed by an intermission of a few years, a period needed for the consolidation and re-organization of Europe into a *New Europe* (New Europe). The United States was to have accepted German economic hegemony over the continent and to be lulled into believing a permanent peace could be established with Hitler now fully satisfied.

During this intermission of four or five years Germany was quietly to prepare the war of continuance, the second act. For that enterprise time was required.

Now, however, all this was changed. The Nazi geopolitical master-minds realized that the United States had fully recognized its first line of defence to be England. There would be no intermission, because England had decided to keep on fighting and the United States had resolved to keep on arming itself as well as Britain. Unless England were crushed forthwith, she would stand as a small yet concentrated fortress, backed

by the resources of the United States, her fleet still controlling the Seven Seas. Even triumphant Anglo-German successes in the Near East could not impair the strength of her position. Britain would remain a formidable foe who could and would keep up the conduct until the German people, sick of suffering, would get rid of Hitler.

If America were not stopped immediately, there might never be a second act to their world-conquering drama. Professor Haushofer and his staff decided. The German leaders determined to wait no longer. But they were outplayed by Washington. The American Government simply took the initiative.

A few days after the fall of Paris the President of the United States appeared to the joint Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy two men known to Germany as unadorned adversaries of Nazism, men who could not be caught off guard by any empty philosophy on peace and co-operation. The appointment of Knox and Stimson was interpreted in Berlin as meaning but one thing: The United States was stripping for action preliminary to entering the ring.

Hitler made his offer of peace to England on July 19. A day later the Havana Conference opened under the chairmanship of Cordell Hull. This was no mere coincidence. The United States wanted Hitler to know that it took no stock in his peace talk, and that it was ready to take the necessary precautions to prevent Germany from using the Latin-American countries as a springboard for her projects concerning the North American



Speak soft

continent. Thus the first battle of the undecided war between Germany and this country, the Battle of Havana, was won by the United States. Although the Conference achieved hardly any realistic results, it did pave the way for a closer relationship between the two halves of our hemisphere, and provided the instruments for the cementing of a common defence programme.

A month later, to the day, the formation of the American-Canadian Defence Board was announced. The diplomatic corps of Rome and Berlin exchanged signed confidential documents; the geopolitical master-minds went into a huddle; and the private telephone was between Adolf and Benito was kept busy. Although the Nazi espionage agents had known beforehand that something of the sort was in the wind, and had so advised Berlin, the German experts had merely smiled complacently. Nothing of the kind could happen. This was a Presidential election year, and the summer season to boot, when drastic political decisions or actions took a holiday.

But it had happened. And again Munich had lost a battle to Washington—the Battle of Canada.

The significance of these two American victories cannot be overestimated. They took Berlin completely by surprise. First, because the Nazis had considered the United States out of the running during the Presidential campaign. And secondly, because these developments proved that the United States was inclined to keep the initiative in the political battle—a thing that no one had had the temerity to do to Hitler since 1933.

It was the exchange deal of the fifty destroyers—through which the United States acquired naval and air bases in Newfoundland, the Bahamas, Jamaica, St. Lucia, Antigua, Trinidad, and British Guiana—that decided Hitler to spring the Tokyo alliance without further delay. If the Japanese threat in the Pacific should fail to frighten the United States into reconsidering its "aid short of war" to Great Britain, then indeed the whole Henshofer geopolitical theory had collapsed. Professor Henshofer had always stoutly maintained that if Japan would make warlike gestures in the direction of North America, the United States would quickly realise that it is a Pacific and not an Atlantic power, and would curtail its active interest in European affairs.

Berlin was on tenterhooks. In most spectacular fashion it announced to the world that Tokyo had joined the Axis. The military pact was obviously directed against the United States. It was to step the United States, according to the men who think for Hitler. But it did not do the trick. Less than a month later conscription went into effect in America, and production of aeroplanes for Britain was doubled.

Although nothing has changed on the surface, a state of war practically exists between Germany and the United States to-day. American papers continue to feature football scores on their front pages, and Berlin haughtily declares that it is not interested in the domestic affairs of the United States. But the Wilhelmstrasse knows the truth. For the second time in less than a

quarter of a century the United States seems to have uncovered the flaw in the German plans for world conquest. In any case, by calling Japan's bluff it has crumpled an emergency for the Reich.

The Nazi mind does not react to emergencies in the manner of the English and Americans, who accept

them as a challenge. To a German the signing of an emergency is evidence that his plan was wrong, for a good plan must foresee every emergency. It is this difference between democratic initiative and totalitarian automatic obedience that may yet shift the advantage in favour of the democracies.

## The Influence of Faith

There is a very curious lack in our course of college study of which I have spoken during past years. I have never known a course of instruction to be offered to undergraduates on the "Influence of Faith in Shaping Western Civilization." All our instruction is based on the influence of knowledge—Herakleitos, science, the arts, politics.

As a matter of fact, knowledge as opposed to faith had practically no influence in shaping western civilization until four or five hundred years ago. For some three thousand years civilization was shaped by faith in one of its forms—Hindu, Buddhist, Hebrew, Christian or Mohammedan. It was that faith which guided men in their ambitions and in their social and political actions. It is only three or four hundred years since knowledge began to displace faith as a controlling influence, and we are unaware when we look at past history to put the emphasis upon knowledge from the beginning of recorded time.—Nicholas Murray Butler in *First Speeches*, U.S.A.



## More Complaints

There is a parrot in a south-west coast English town that has learned to imitate an air-cold slur. As a result its owners have been attacking for air-cold slurders much more often than anyone else in the town. Not only does the parrot slur like a slur, but he follows his cry with an imitation of anti-slurder sounds.

All England is conscious of the debt it owes to the R.A.F. Nevertheless, when a delinquent plane makes a forced landing on private property, the R.A.F. is liable for damages, which are always paid promptly. Practically all such awards have been turned back to the Government.

The prime German complaint is that the British are setting fires free in their own cities and towns in order to ruin the Nazi aviators accustomed to using their flights by the beams from their bombs. This, the Germans say, is a typical trick of the tricky British—"Macdon's Magazine," Toronto.

# SHE DEFEATED THE "SPOTTED DEATH"

ERIC BERGER

*Her own small arm was used for an untried experiment to conquer the dreaded Smallpox*

Not all the battles for human betterment have been won by professionals. Amateurs, too, have been winners in the fight for life.

One of our pioneer medical discoveries is the fruit of the courage of a lonely English mother thousands of miles from home—a woman so determined to rid the world forever of a dread plague that she dared use her own child to verify a primitive, undeveloped medical technique.

Six days after she had performed the test, the first of its kind recorded in the western world, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote to her husband:

"The boy was engrafted on Tuesday and is at this time singing and playing, very incontinent for his age. I pray God my next may give you as good an account of him."

The restrained, poetic writing in this letter dated Sunday, March 23, 1718, gives no hint of the mental torture that grew deeper hour after hour, rapping through the lean self-control, as this mother watched the child she loved, searching its face for the dread symptoms she knew must appear. Yet, had she performed the experiment upon herself it would have been worthwhile.

When charming Lady Mary Wortley married brilliant Edward

Montagu, of the British diplomatic corps, she was one of the beauties of England. Though still young when her husband received the appointment of British Ambassador to Turkey, the beauty that had drawn men to stare at breathless fascination had been lost—saten away by the ravages of smallpox. The lovely cheeks and brow were pitted and hollowed and the eyelids destroyed. But she was lucky to be alive. Most of her friends had died in those dread days when the plague ravaged England.

In the eight years from 1711 to 1719, smallpox had claimed more than twenty thousand victims out of London's population of five hundred thousand. Careless thousands more had been disfigured and crippled. Whole families had been wiped out by the "spotted death" which struck without warning or discrimination.

Keen and alert, in Turkey, Lady Mary Montagu heard about a crude form of medicine practiced by the native medicine-women deep in the heart of the country. Interested, she journeyed to where these women worked their primitive cures—poisons administered to the accompaniment of charms and incantations. Though deeply entwined with superstition, some of these remedies nevertheless had a solid

scientific basis. Turkey was first to the medical science of Arabia, China and Hindustan. But these old medicine-women in the wild interior of the country had one remedy that Lady Mary Montagu was eager to investigate—the secret of inoculation against smallpox. Inoculation had been discovered centuries earlier in China, where it had been practiced in a crude form.

Fascinated by what she learned, on April 1, 1717, Lady Mary wrote home from Adrianople:

"The smallpox, so general and so fatal amongst us, is made entirely harmless by the inoculation of ingrafting, which is the term these women give it. The old women come with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of smallpox, and asks you what vein you please to have opened. She rips open that you offer her with a large needle. Patients are in perfect health till the eighth day; then the fever begins to move them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. . . . Every year thousands undergo the operation and there is no example of any one that has died of it."

A year later, when each letter from home brought only news of English dead and dying, Lady Mary courageously took the decisive step. She had her son inoculated. She and her children were then living at Belgrade, a little village fourteen miles from Constantinople, and her husband was away on a mission to Persia.

The experiment was a success. Eager to bring the theory of inoculation to the western world and halt the spread of the smallpox

savage, Lady Mary Montagu hurried back to England. At home she expected understanding and cooperation. She found scepticism, insult and bitter heartbreak. Like most benefactors, she was the target of jeers and scabbled even by those from whom she had hoped to receive aid. But she was stubbornly determined to prove the soundness of her idea. She fought on. In 1721 she inoculated her daughter, and the government was persuaded to send four physicians to watch the experiment. The Princess of Wales, who later became Queen Caroline, gallantly supported Lady Mary by submitting her own daughters to inoculation.

Instead of convincing the opponents of inoculation that they were wrong, these trials provoked only a greater flood of protest. Lady Mary was denounced at stormy demonstrations. When she walked the streets people followed after to yell insults and spit at the woman whose beauty had become legend. The cruelest cut came when she was accused of being an "unnatural" mother. Even the "intellectuals" had their animus. Pamphlets denouncing her and the theory of inoculation were distributed wholesale. The Rev. Edward Massey preached against the "dangerous and unsafe practice of inoculation."

The fight was bitter, but slowly inoculation made its converts. News of Lady Mary Montagu's efforts travelled. In France, Voltaire asserted that the citizens of Paris, where twenty thousand persons had died of smallpox in one year, submitted to inoculation. In England, finally, medical men began to thaw out and gradually agree on the



scientific validity of the theory of inoculation. In 1754 a smallpox hospital was established by public subscription. Inoculation had won; though its champion long before that had been removed from the field.

The year that hospital was established a five-year-old lad by the name of Edward Jenner was growing up in Gloucestershire, England. When he left school at thirteen the boy was apprenticed to a local physician. Here he was fascinated by the subject of inoculation. He studied it intensively until he made the startling discovery that persons who had once been sick with cowpox never afterward contracted smallpox. Jenner did some thinking. Instead of inoculating patients with smallpox in order to prevent a serious outbreak of the disease

later, he used a vaccine of cowpox. The modern science of preventive medicine was born.

The British Government gave Edward Jenner thirty thousand pounds with which to subsidize further experiments. Jenner's work laid the basis for the later bacteriological discoveries of Pasteur and the advances of Sir Joseph Lister in the field of antiseptic surgery.

Perhaps we to-day take too many things for granted. When your child is inoculated against the "spotted death," remember a lone woman, hooted, hounded and spat upon, who had not only the courage to fight for her convictions, but another courage, calmer and quieter—but perhaps deeper—the courage to risk her own child.

—World, U.S.A.

## No Time Like the Present

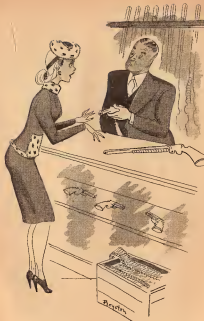
When hunting season comes around there are many persons who pause in their search for birds and rabbits to dream of what a paradise for game this country must have been when the Indians still roamed the forests at will. But these persons are mistaken who imagine that this country teemed with game before the pristine forests were chopped down. Actually "there is more game in one acre of Pennsylvania to-day than there was when we stole it from the Indians," Henry Taylor tells us in his book, *On Woodcock Paria* (published by Morrow, 1942), due to government programs of animal protection.—You're Wrong About That, U.S.A.



## The U's Have It

When an old lady of eighty can still be the centre of attraction in any gathering she must have something. A young girl, carrying her grandmother's claim, once asked what her secret was.

"My child," said the grandmother, "just remember that in the alphabet of charm there is no such letter as 'T'; it is all 'U'!"—*Christian Science Monitor, U.S.A.*



"I want one that will only inflict a flesh wound!"

# SPAIN'S PLACE IN A NEW "AXIS"

**SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA**

*Author's translation on "Atlantic power built by Britain, U.S.A., South America and Spain"*

Most informed Spaniards believe that at the end of this world war England will have saved mankind from a new black age.

The problem of Anglo-Spanish relations must, therefore, be solved bearing in mind that the world cannot afford to have England weakened in any way. Fortunately, seen from the world unity angle, the interests of England and of Spain harmonize for the first time in history.

The problem of the day after victory is how to build up a system strong enough to withstand any future onslaughts of the German people. The German combination of technical ability, gregarious obedience and racial arrogance is a persistent feature with which all world statesmen must reckon.

The defensive measures against this menace must be of a twofold character: an Atlantic advance towards a plane higher than that of power politics and Empire; and a realistic policy aiming at consolidating the West by means of a kind of "political fortification" in order to ensure for Great Britain the undisputed use of the Atlantic and the permanent and effective alliance of the American and African continents.

Now, it so happens that Spain is a key nation in this respect.

Spain's three main aspects in world affairs are: her strategic position; her community of culture with Spanish America; and her African sphere.

The Iberian Peninsula occupies the most strategic position in the world. This is particularly true in relation to the British Commonwealth. Had this war found Spain officially at hand to England as she is now, and at the same time economically as rich and strong as she was in 1911, or even in 1936, the position with regard to Gibraltar, which to-day is but disquieting, would have been little short of disastrous. Gibraltar, with a hostile Spain, is a most precarious asset. An allied Spain would be far more valuable to Britain than the Rock.

That Spain wants Gibraltar cannot even be discussed. She cannot do without wanting it. The consequences of the retention of Gibraltar by England are far deeper and subtler than a mere political discussion of the question might suggest. It has cut deep into the national faith and undermined Spain's unity. It is one of the factors which have contributed to making Spain a centre of turmoil and disturbance for the whole of Europe. It has stood in the way of federation with Portugal, which

must be for all concerned an obvious biological development in the history of the Peninsula. It has weakened England, by depriving her of her most natural ally—a federation of all the peoples of the Iberian Peninsula.

The solution is obvious. England and Spain must enter into a permanent alliance amounting almost to a federation for external affairs, based on their common service to the world commonwealth. This alliance would give Gibraltar back to Spain, but, on a basis of reciprocity, would give England the use, not only of Gibraltar, but of all the Spanish ports and islands as well, in case of aggression against the world commonwealth whose head and heart England has shown herself worthy of becoming.

Spain is the Mother Country of Spanish America. A retrograde Spain, a tool to the forces of evil, would open the American Continent to these forces. A glance at the map shows that a solid Anglo-Spanish political union amounting almost to a federation, at any rate in foreign affairs, would have far-reaching effects on the American Continent. No effort of imagination is needed to realize that it might lead to a strongly-built Atlantic system based on the quadrilateral Great Britain-U.S.A.-South America-Spain (and Portugal). This "Atlantic" would only absorb France and most of Africa.

No aggression could prevail against such a citadel, a basis from which the association of free peoples could gradually be extended towards the east.

All that is wanted is that the two

great Anglo-Saxon powers should realize that their historical policy towards Spain and South America is obsolete and that it must be replaced in moulds more fitting to the new age.

The immediate interests are well balanced and, therefore, should oppose no obstacles to this policy. Anglo-Saxon interests in South America are mostly of an economic, financial and commercial character; Spanish interests almost exclusively of a moral, cultural and racial character.

A prosperous and peaceful Spain would soon be over-populated and the surplus of her population would settle in a prosperous and peaceful Spanish America, thereby increasing the latter's prosperity. This would benefit Spain for her cultural sphere in Spanish America would in the end be strengthened; it would benefit Great Britain and the United States because, from the political point of view, the Spaniards in South America never form a disunited, anti-national class as do other European groups, and also because, this European stock would increase the purchasing power of the countries south of the Rio Grande. This increase in the purchasing power of South America would accrue to the Anglo-Saxon countries rather than to Spain, for Spain is not an industrialized nation.

It would also benefit the whole of "Atlantic," because immigration is, for Spanish America, a demographic necessity, and if Spain stays in her role of provider of manpower for her ancient colonies, the Asiatic stock will finally fill the

gap. This is no reflection on the Asiatic peoples as such. It is only a recognition that it is better to keep Spanish America Spanish than to turn it into a mongrel land without any roots in any civilization.

Finally, there remains Africa. Here again, as long as we remain on the level of power politics, no diplomatic rager will be enough to cost the bitter pill of direct conflict between the "interests" of Spain and the "interests" of England. But a solution is possible once England and Spain see each other as limbs of the same European body.

In short, the problem of Anglo-Spanish relations can be adequately solved only if set within a new framework of world unity. If the

two Anglo-Saxon peoples, who are going to win that war, were to be tempted by their victory into a new imperialism, forgetting the ideals which are now their banner, the problem of Anglo-Spanish relations would be one of the many that would drive Europe towards another and a more terrible war. But if England and the United States come out of this war with a genuine desire for a better world and a clear vision of the road thereto, the problem of Anglo-Spanish relations will be one of the easiest with which they will have to deal, and Spain will be enabled to put at the disposal of the new commonwealth her unequalled strategic position as well as the untold vigor and creative power of her people.

—*World Review*, London.

## The Last Rose

It may not be generally known that Moore's beautiful melody, *The Last Rose of Summer*, was composed in a rose garden in Kilmory. While Moore and his wife were on a visit in Lord and Lady Inchiquin of Jervisstown, County Kerry, he was taken to survey their garden. Later that evening he was seen alone in penance mood beside one of the rose bushes. It is believed it was this that inspired him to write *The Last Rose of Summer*, a song which has charmed music-lovers the world over.

Yon Pintow adopted it as his theme song in *Matka*, of which even the great Mozart once said that its theme was his only redeeming feature.—*Music Lover in Evening Herald*, Dublin.



Cyde R. Miller, Director of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis warns that you try this test for detecting propaganda. When you're in doubt about the sincerity of something that you've read or heard, just ask yourself these three questions: (1) Who says it? (2) Why? (3) What does he want me to do?

Try it. You'll be amazed, says Mr. Miller, to see how these three simple questions will help you sift the true from the false—and keep your thinking straight.—*This Week Magazine*.

A South London barber who has had the upper part of his shop blown away has put up this notice on his door: "I have had a clean shave. What about you?"—*Manchester Guardian*, England.



"Courage, Minkoff! Courage!"

# RUSSIA'S BALTIC PLAN

CAPT. C. H. NASH

*A Baltic Office sees justification in the Soviet's tactical acquisition*

Taken collectively, Finland and the three Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania cover an area roughly one and a half times that of the British Isles, and possess a total population of nine and a quarter millions. The wisdom of forming four independent states from such a population seems at first sight to be questionable. Because of their close connection with Russia in the past one is inclined to lump them together under the heading of Slavs, but neither racially nor linguistically are these people Slavs, except the Lithuanians, who are remotely akin to them.

The Finns and Estonians are related, and claim as their distant cousins the Turks. The Latvians and Lithuanians are kindred races coming from a stock entirely different from those of the people to the north of them.

The history of these states is a history of hundreds of years of foreign domination. It may be summarised as follows:

**FINLAND:** Under Swedish rule until 1808, when it was taken by Russia. It became independent after the last Great War.

**ESTONIA:** Originally under the Danes. Taken over by Sweden in 1561 and remained so for a century and a half, when the Russians

conquered it. Oppression led to a revolt in 1863. The revolt was put down severely and a legacy of hatred against the Russians remained.

**LATVIA:** Was originally linked with Lithuania, and later became part of Russia.

**LITHUANIA:** Was originally a powerful independent state, but became part of Poland and then, with Poland, part of Russia.

All the states got their freedom as a result of the Great War.

The Baltic had struggled for hundreds of years to regain their independence and, however hopeless the situation seemed, they had never given up. They possess a will to win which has enabled them to snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat. Whilst hardly more than armed bands, indifferently armed and for the most part without uniform or equipment, the Latvians and Estonians fought both Bolsheviks and German volunteers. These soldiers of the Baltic states impress one with their practical efficiency. To a casual observer they are not impressive. Their bottoms are never polished and the men are often unkempt.

On the other hand, the Estonians, for example, can march 50 kilometres in a day. In winter they hold manoeuvres on skis, and the

troops bivouac in the snow. It is all taken as a matter of course. They are remarkably good shots.

Intense national pride, combined with a marked egotistic strain, produces a large lump of self-satisfaction and conceit. But, though they may be conceited, these peoples have won a century-long battle against heavy odds. They may have an over-developed sense of nationalism, but it is a nationalism which, after hundreds of years of persecution, is at last free to express itself, and a flood of literature and art in all its forms has already shown a great deal worthy of expression. Much of the literature has already been translated into English.

The Soviet Union has two major interests in the Baltic. First, she is anxious that the small states around the Gulf of Finland should not be held or dominated by another major power. A strong naval and military force outside the Gulf of Finland could control the port of Leningrad, bottle up the Soviet Baltic fleet at Kronstadt, converge on the Leningrad industrial district, and turn the right flank of the Soviet frontier defences.

In 1934 the Soviet Government was still anxious about its Baltic frontiers, and suggested to the German Government that the two countries should sign a joint protocol in which they would undertake to preserve the independence and integrity of the Baltic states. In reply the German Government said that it saw no reason for any special treaty for the protection of these states. In the same year a Nazi organisation attempted a

putsch in Estonia. From then onwards subversive movements owing allegiance to Germany fomented trouble in all three Baltic states.

From 1934 onwards the Nazi Government repeatedly spoke of the necessity of expanding outwards. With such a political and military background to German-Soviet relations in the Baltic some very positive Soviet demands were to be expected in any agreement made between these two states.

The German-Soviet agreement of August, 1939, gave to Germany a new frontier about 310 miles east of the original one; it also destroyed the buffer state of Poland. Indeed, the moment the tharves fell out the whole stage was set for a combined frontal and flank attack by Germany upon the Soviet Union. And so, to balance the advantages given to Germany by the agreement, it was vitally important that the U.S.S.R. should occupy an advanced position on the shores of the Baltic. Hence, and therefore, the two islands on the west coast of Estonia, were both occupied by the Germans as an initial stage in their operations in Estonia at the end of the Great War. These islands are now occupied by the Russians. They have also occupied naval ports on both sides of the Gulf of Finland, and by securing the Karelian Isthmus, the shores of Lake Ladoga and a considerable area north of the lake, they have secured the land approaches to the Leningrad area from the north-west. At the same time, garibans at strategic points in Estonia secure the approaches to Leningrad from the south-west.

There is no moral justification

for the Soviet occupation of so many points in these Baltic lands, but German activities in the past, coupled with the Nazi opportunist attitude towards all agreements to which they are partner, made it vitally important that the Russians should secure themselves against these threats—for it may take some time for Stalin to discover whether he has bluffed the Nazis or been bluffed himself. And then it might be too late to do anything about it.

The second Soviet interest in the Baltic lands is as transit countries. The ports of Tallinn and Riga, if

not entirely free from ice, are open all the year round, and the role of the Baltic States as transit countries has invariably formed a vital part of any agreement made between them and the U.S.S.R.

To sum up, the Soviet Government now completely dominates the Baltic States and Finland, and this was strategically inevitable as a counter-measure to any ambitions Germany may have in the future to expand eastwards at the expense of the U.S.S.R.

—*Journal of United Services Institution of India, Lahore.*

## Emotion Tests for Vision

Science confirms your idea, that rage or fear can "blind" you. Experiments by Dr. H. I. Stone, Miss M. Hall, and Dr. R. Korobin of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, show that vision is not the same when you are under emotional strain as it is when you are relaxed.

Motion pictures taken of the eyes of persons reading showed that while 26 per cent of them could see better, when emotionally roused, another 22 per cent came worse under the strain.

More critical was the test of how the two eyes work together. This is important for the aviator who is trying to gauge the speed of an approaching car, or for the airplane pilot who is bringing his ship in for a landing. It is essential for the perception of distances and depth.

Psychologists are reminded that many of the crashes which involve army pilots occur when the flyer is returning from an exciting and fatiguing flight and tries to land his speeding plane in a small field. In this sort of situation, ability of the eyes to work together is put to severe test.

—*Release News Letter, U.S.A.*



The government, never too busy to lend a helping hand to dumb animals, has provided cotton coats for 568 newly-shorned Wrexham sheep. If it seems odd for sheep to wear cotton, it should be borne in mind that to shear sheep, make their wool into coats, and then put the coats back on them would be even more ridiculous.—*Dick Harrison in "Newsweek," New York.*



"Hey, here, looks like you lost the ball!"



# My Day.... TO HOWL

By Colmanist GILBERT ANSTROTHER

Last month, I listened to the policy-speech of one, A. Mair, ex-Premier of New South Wales. With difficulty. And a great deal of squinting in my seat.

For never, in all my experience, have I heard such an important speech so horribly mangled, so incredibly steep, or so stupidly diabolical.

This might seem like kicking a man when he is down. It is nothing of the sort. If A. Mair can take a little well-aimed criticism, it might help him in the future. Anyway, this piece was written long before the elections of N.S.W., decided they wanted a Labor Government.

I am not concerned with any of this. It would not matter to me if Mr. Mair was a Chinese Communist, he would still be for it. Likewise, I do not attack his sincerity, enthusiasm, ideals or anything else.

It is just that policy speech of his which, to use his own words, had plenty of length but no "breadth and width." For, five times Mr. Mair talked about the "breadth and width" of his great country.

Sometimes, Mr. Mair's bloodless audience politely clapped Mr. Mair's bloodless, bewildered speech . . . quite often at points where they were not supposed to clap. At other times, they did not clap, although Mr. Mair paused significantly and even coughed.

I used to gamble quite a bit about this life and living-way of ours. I used to think that, here and there, it could, perhaps be improved. But now I am satisfied, I am content in the knowledge that it is a fair, happy, golden land. I have Mr. Mair to thank for this.

I gave me great happiness to contemplate that his Government introduced tremendous improvements.

## ... IMPROVEMENTS

I found that, through the "breadth and width" of New South Wales that Government had:

(1) Made an aerial survey of 500 square miles. This is positively amazing. It is an accomplishment of the first magnitude. But that is not all.

(2) Fined it so that the drinking water of the A.L.F., was mutually tested. This is truly terrific.

(3) Issued railway passes to the "A.L.F., the B.A.A.F., and the A.W. Force." This needs no comment.

(4) Helped working-men to acquire their own homes under "a home-owner seldom becomes a Communist." On the principle, I take it, that once he owns his home he automatically becomes a Communist. Nice reasoning. But I understand Comrade Seelin owns his home.

## ... PROFITS

The biggest illogical scream of all, however, was A. Mair's berating of wartime traders. With infinite care, he pointed out that, at the outbreak of the war, price-control was clapped on to prevent profiteering.

With greater care and a few figures, he showed how price-rises in Britain since the war's outbreak were greater than those in Australia. Then, before the breath was dry on his lips, he made this amazing observation: "Traders are inherently honest people, who do not want to take advantage of crises to make profits . . ."

In the first twelve months of the last war, according to Mr. Mair, food prices increased 40 per cent. Do hoards change their spots—even in twenty-five years?

And why at all—if "traders are inherently honest people"—was it necessary to establish price-control at all.

No, no, Mr. Mair, you got it all balled up—and badly, at that. Price-control wasn't a simple game to move merchants from themselves; it was a very necessary measure to save the people from

the merchants.  
(This part of the speech was heartily clapped).

## ... INDUSTRY

Mr. Mair's Government spared Australian industry, too . . . so the story went.

All I can say is that Mr. Mair's Government are a sorry lot of lime-light snobs, that's what they are. They shrank Hitler's thunder. Because that gentleman probably thought he gave Australia its industrial start by beginning a war and giving employment in factories, and causing more and more factories to be built, and draining surplus labor into the armies to fight.

## ... NOT CRICKET

I realize, of course, that none of this is journalistic cricket. When as a journalist you interview a man who says, "I ain't gonna stand for no bloody Opposition Leader," you report it as, "Mr. Struck indicated that he had no inclination to retreat from his present political position, despite the unjust attacks made on him by the Opposition."

That is one reason why Parliamentary quality runs so consistently low.

So I shall say now that I am merely interested in trying to infuse a little more quality into Parliament and its speeches. Anyone who has attended a session will, heaven knows, tell you how badly it needs an infusion of quality.

Therefore, it boils down to this: I do wish A. Mair had asked someone to polish his wordage, untangle his points, and remove some of the

chucks from under his stumbling arguments.

I would have been only too happy to have knocked his speech into some sort of shape for him, to give it some of the bones, guts, humor, and resounding patriotism that a policy speech must have.

And I should have done this free of charge, just so that a million Australian eyes and unellects would not have been so cruelly and brutally misled.

For Alexander Mair's speech had all the gaping, empty quality of a happy-go-lucky making a false yawn.

The voice of the A.B.C. announcer, when the speech was over, was like a long drink of cold, clear beer.

### ... SUCH LANGUAGE

A correspondent in South Gladstone, Queensland remarks the frequent use of German words, and wants them all chopped out. He is greatly distressed because I use such words as *Blitzkrieg*, *panzer* and so forth.

This is an interesting thought. How often, I wonder, has he used the word *Kindergarten* in the last few years? That word, along with a few thousand others is pure German. Some other theorists who derived from the German.

Likewise Latin. Everyone knows how widely the English language is based on Latin. Naturally, to be consistent, we would have to drop these words, too.

In fact, we would have to drop a lot—all the words we have borrowed from all the countries which, down through our history, we have fought.

This would leave us just about speechless—unless we adopted Esperanto. I understand we have never really been at war with the Esquimaux.

### ... A JOB

This, for no apparent reason, brings me to Dorothy Dix. I would be very happy to work alongside Dorothy Dix, who has the biggest agency mail-bag in the world. Those bags throb visibly when they are dumped on her doorstep.

Her name—but you must not let that get around—is not Dorothy Dix. It is Elizabeth Meriwether Gilmer, and she lives in New Orleans.

Some of the stuff she gets is priceless. I remember a few from her library:

"My husband keeps telling me to go to hell. Have I a legal right to take the children?"

"I am 55 years old, in love with a woman who already has one husband. Please suggest the quickest and most humane way of getting rid of him."

"I have been a decent girl as far as I can remember."

"You tell me that . . . the domestic woman who keeps a clean house is the salt of the earth. But did you ever hear of salt attracting sugar daddies?"

### ... MY JOB

You're wondering what I come in?

I am interested in the research side of the business. It would be my job to investigate young ladies like the one who wrote this letter:



"I am a young girl of eighteen. I have not been around very much, since my parents do not like me to go to parties where there are a lot of boys.

"I have been told that this is a mistake, since I will never know what it is wrong to do. Please tell me everything that is wrong and bad so that I won't do it."

"Since I, myself, am not very clear on what is "wrong and bad" the two of us could explore the field together.

I am sure I would be a great help.

### ... LANDED CENTRY

And now Mr. Hess. I am sorry about Mr. Hess. He had a great future and balled it up. He fumbled the coach—just because he tried to handle everything himself. But it is not too late, and I have a proposition to make to him. It is this: That Mr. Hess should appoint me his manager.

Just think of it, Mr. Hess. You just need to do a little refined rating on your country and our cock-eyed press will hail you as the world's finest gentleman—provided you go the right way about it.

Remember? Just after you landed, they called you "a moderate" and "pro-British" and "the most reasonable of the New leaders." They did all this and you had scarcely said a word.

Then they took a pull at themselves, and began to say that, after all, you were a party man. That was because you didn't have a manager to handle things for you.

Why, you could be famous if

you were managed properly. And it's not too late, even now.

### ... CARE

But you must be careful. Don't do all your rating in one rush. You can become progressively more and more a great gentleman by rating gently, in little bits.

Because, as you release each item, our press will regard each added step as another good mark in your book. The cumulative result of this will be so much better than one big, weighty declaration.

You do see that, don't you, Mr. Hess?

First of all, you will need to declare yourself on the side of Freedom, Liberty, and Democracy. Take it from me, Mr. Hess, the impact of that only will be terrific. Our press will then hail you as a prodigal son, a good guy who saw the light in time.

"He went astray for about eighteen months but good will out, good will out." That's what they'll say about you, Mr. Hess.

So you need a manager. You can see that now, can't you?

### ... UP AND UP

Who knows, I might even be able to get you a job in our army, or our Foreign Office if you play your cards right. I might even be able to get you up for Little Twiddledee-dee-as-Crank—as a Conservative Member, of course. Wouldn't that be nice?

You see the prospects opening up in front of you.

And, of course, there is one thing you simply must do. You

must kneel down to it and write a book. This is very necessary. Everyone writes a book.

I suggest you call it, *I Left Hitler as Tears, or I Knew My Adolf from the Trenches* up. Or better still, you can call it, *At Last I Saw the Light*. Anyhow, we can decide about that later.

You'll sell a million, Mr. Hess. I tell you—a million.

### ... OTHER THINGS

Then there is Hollywood. Ah, you hadn't thought of Hollywood, Mr. Hess, had you? Of course you hadn't. It takes a wide-awake manager to think of these things.

And the money Hollywood will pour into your lap! Ah, Mr. Hess! Ah! Just imagine your name on those tie-dies: *New Breakin'—Technical Advisor, Herr Rudolph Hess, Deputy Leader of the New Party*.

That will do for a start—just technical adviser. Don't give out everything at once. Don't rush things. Let them pay more still if they want you actually on the screen. Make them pay through the nose. You're a big-shot, Mr. Hess; demand big-shot money.

Already, some of our press-bugs are giving a little sympathetically at you. Not very openly, naturally, but the seed is there.

Only yesterday, you'll remember, they were all slaving for your blood, or your neck, or both. "Hang the bloody lot of 'em when we get 'em, that's what we'll do," they were hollering. "Hang 'em all, from Flickr down."

But no one has suggested hang-

ing you, Mr. Hess. We feel a little differently about it now.

Ah, you lucky, lucky man. You've got the world at your feet.

All I want, Mr. Hess, is a small, ten per cent. rise-off. That's reasonable enough, isn't it?

### ... TALEPIECE

Then there is the tale about the fishermen.

He went off into the country, looking for a service, all huddled up with gear and refreshments and everything a fisherman needs—except bait.

He found a stream and got all his gear out, then, to his horror discovered that he had nothing to put on his hook.

After looking around for a while he found a snake. It had a frog in its mouth.

Now frog is pretty good bait; so he got a forked stick, fastened the snake's head to the ground, and took the frog.

He was a little sorry about this, however, because the snake looked very downhearted indeed. So, as compensation, he gave the snake a shot or two of the whisky he had brought along to keep the cold out.

That made the snake very pleased indeed. It wriggled its tail a couple of times and undulated off.

The fisherman thereupon baited his hook with the frog and set down to wait for something to bite.

About twenty minutes later, he felt something knocking gently against his leg. He looked down and found that the snake was back again and biting his leg with its tail.

In its mouth was another frog.





## AUSTRALIA AT WAR

### ... HIGH ADVENTURE

Many indeed were the Aussies who found adventure in North Africa and the Balkans. Without food or water, some trekked, in little bands of three or four, over hundreds of miles of desert to rejoin their units.

Others, after the Balkan Evacuation, sneaked home in small boats, they hired, berrywood, stole or simply took from fishing villages.

There were plenty of tales to tell, plenty of breathless, wide-eyed young Aussies who could tell them—men, some of them bearded youths, who had stolen through enemy lines, fought their way out of thick battles, set courses for home by the stars and their bush-trained instinct, accepted impossible odds by desperately attacking sizeable enemy patrols and saw the impossible achieved when the patrol fled.

All these and a thousand other stories—some of them, by now, gaining more color, wilder details with the telling—were coming out of the Mediterranean since last month.

This was Adventure. But adventure, as someone said, "Is either tragic or comic—depending how it

ends. While it is going on it is never adventure."

### ... THEIR STORY

Unconfirmed, officially, but more than probable is the story of three Aussies (two Australians, one New Zealander) who were left behind in Greece.

Their story. "When we arrived in Athens, the place seemed to be deserted. There was practically no life, everything was closed down. The place looked like Melbourne on a Sunday morning. There were only a few Greeks about. Some of them gaped at us as though we were ghosts. Actually, we discovered later, they were probably unable to decide whether we were parachute-troops or not.

"While we were standing in a doorway, with darkness falling, one of our number saw a German go past on a motor-cycle.

"So far as we were concerned, that was the end of it. We decided to get out as fast as wind, limb and ingenuity would carry us.

"We found a good hideout in the home of a Greek—he was as game as a tiger-skin—and waited until about midnight. He told us, as well as he could, that the last of

the British troops had got out two days before. He did not know where they were embarking.

### ... ESCAPE

"When it was late enough, we slipped out. He led us through the town by a series of back-alleys. When we were out of danger—more or less—he pointed along a road and left us, shaking hands all around. I think he wept a little; it was hard to tell in the darkness. But no one can blame a man for weeping when he sees his country lying prostrate. I suppose we represented, at his mind, the cutting of the last tie, the last hope. Then he pulled himself erect and marched off, straight and proud.

"We struck out. Every minute we expected to run into a German patrol, or something of the sort. But we had been dodging them for days, and we were confident enough. Sometimes, creeping past German posts, we had been so close to them that we could almost have reached out and punch them on the behind.

"We never did this, however.

### ... TO THE SEA

"We met no one—not a single soul. But that did not make us over-confident. If the Japs were as tired as we were, they might have been sleeping anywhere along that road.

"We were so wary that our eyes seemed to be glued over. Your legs get so they feel like leaden plates that have to be dragged along. You get that way you don't give a damn whether you're caught or not; in fact, sometimes you think it might

be good to get caught so you can sleep. That's all you want to do.

"Sometimes, we punched each other—hard. That would wake us up a bit and give us something to think about. Sometimes we tried to carry on long, senseless whispered arguments to keep ourselves alive and, as much as possible, on the alert.

"Anyone hearing and watching us would have sworn that we were fighting between ourselves.

"I don't know what time it was when the road brought us to the coast. We stood looking down at a beach. Every one of us wanted to sit down; but we didn't dare. We'd never have got up again.

"We found a gun-track and started down in the hope of finding a cave to be up in. Then we heard voices—German voices. We stood very still and listened. Then, after a quick consultation, we decided to scout around a bit.

### ... BOATS

A few feet off the shore (which, incidentally, shored quickly) were three boats—beautiful, gleaming, sleek motor-boats. In the darkness, we gazed longingly at each other, using only our eyes to do it.

"We waited and waited interminably. So far, we could only find two Germans. They were standing together talking a few yards away. But this seemed too good to be true.

"There just had to be more around somewhere. Luck doesn't come like that. I think I fell asleep on my feet, perhaps for only a few minutes. When I woke up again, the Germans were still there—two of them, no more and no less.

"Well, it was a risk worth taking. We had lost our rifles days before I felt around in the dark very carefully, and picked up the rifle. The others, when they saw what I was doing, did the same.

Actually, it was easy—dead easy. A rock, held in your hand and bounced hard on the back of a man's neck brings him down without a murmur.

"It was all over, then. We sank two of the boats (after making sure to take all the petrol and food out of them) and made off in the third.

"During the day we pulled in at some little island in the Cyclades and slept—long, beautiful sleep on hard boards in a tossing launch.

"There was nothing more to it. Next day we were picked up by a destroyer, after being machine-gunned from the air . . ."

## ... HOME FRONT

On the home front at May's beginning there was screaming of an anti-production stir-up. In New South Wales, Members Beasley and Ewart stood right up to say that it was time someone put the spotlight on delays, muddling, time-wasting in the production of munitions.

No spreaders of soft-soap, Messrs. Beasley and Ewart came right out and announced that they were "gravely concerned—not only at admitted shortcomings in the munitions programme, but more

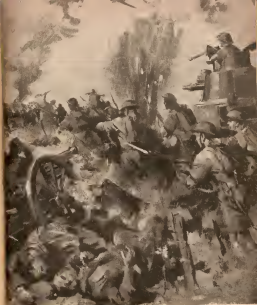
particularly of "hush hush" work which the Munitions Administration is attempting to silence helpful criticism which is demanded only to increase the tempo of production."

No great news was this to anyone who knows something of the industry. Newsmen have known quite well that some factories were doing nothing, keeping men on and paying them simply "because the Government is paying the wages, anyhow."

All too well, they knew of great factories where time was being wasted. To a CAVALCADE representative, few weeks ago, a worker in a big aircraft factory said: "Most of the day we are wandering around trying at least to look busy. It would break your heart to see so many men doing nothing—not cooperatively nothing, but actually nothing. The place teems with buses—every second man is walking around in a daze."

"Of course, if you come on a conducted tour with a politician or two we'll show you some hard work; but call around unannounced and see the difference . . . You mustn't make a story out of this, one of us wants to get the sack. . . ."

Dark-truth was the statement by whipper-upper Beasley and Ewart then. "The plain fact is that we are not yet making the best use of our facilities for war production. . . ."



## AS THE WORLD SAW AUSTRALIA

Travels used throughout the overseas press was the picture emphasizing the belated speed of the Australians in the recent campaign. For months now the world, Australia has been highlighted in both America and other lands. The deeds of our men have captured the imagination of the entire democratic world. Our boys themselves insist that, such is the case, they are better than the Germans.

Miss Bern Park, widow of the longtime U.S. consul at Marseilles, has been dead twice by French submarines after broken with German officers. The second time she was charged with taking a note put in a start: "First on these two officers first, they've been dogged on their way to London."—Memorandum, U.S.A.



**TO KEEP THE ITALIANS COMPANY.** The one hundred and forty thousand Italians captured in the first Libya campaign are being stirred by promises of Axis comrades. This is the first picture of German prisoners taken in the latest operations.



**NOW WHO COULD THIS BE?** The official photographer snapped a good one on these desert warriors studied the great Roman profile.

Casablanca, Jan., 1941. Page 34



## GENTLEMEN, THE SAPPERS.

These are the boys that make the tricky jobs and pave the way for advance, by clearing the path of land mines. The men shown in this picture are Australian engineers at work on a strip of mined territory.

Casablanca, Jan., 1941. Page 35

## AUSTRALIANS TRAIN FOR JUNGLE WARFARE



The A.L.F., since created in Malaya in February, has assembled an "army" to operate and fight in Malayan jungle and rubber country. The troops, many of them from the Australian "Bush," had their training there, through jungle as soldiers in 1940, followed from bushland down the bush as foresters back home.

Ceylonese, June, 1941 Page 56



AN AUSSIE GREN-GUARD IN THE JUNGLE.



AN A.L.F. UNIT ADVANCING THROUGH PANDANUS PALM COUNTRY.

Ceylonese, June, 1942 Page 57

## ONE UP FOR THE ENZEDS



The British minesweeper, "Echo 1," was sunk by the New Zealand cruiser "Leander" in the Indian Ocean, in an action which lasted only 16 minutes. The British cruiser was not damaged, and fired only five shots before the Indians lowered their flag.



Deckhouse amidships cut off from bow and stern by puff of smoke on the fire battle through the decks.

Ovalhead, June, 1941. Page 28



An explosion off bow of the cruiser's end, on her port side shows stars of the water.



Smoke shows the sinking cruiser, on which the Indian flag had been hoisted in battle less than an hour earlier.

Ovalhead, June, 1941. Page 29

# THE ORIENTAL TANGLE

*Third article of a monthly series  
on problems that confront the Pacific*

BY HARRY GIBB

In order to get a clear view of China and the Sino-Japanese position, it is first necessary to clear our heads. When you do this, you generally use some sort of anemolis in hot water; it gives off a cloud of steam that makes you cough and choke.

Perhaps a great many people will be coughing and choking after they read this. For we forget about Chinese kidnapping, torture, piracy—the things we used to shudder over as we sipped our breakfast coffee and waded through our newspaper.

We forget the Chinese warlords who taxed and squeezed their people, the prostitution into which Chinese girls were sold wholesale, the corruption, the complicated and inextricable system of bribery.

We forget the Boxer Rebellion and its hideous cruelties, the eternal civil war and the bandits—all of which were an everyday part of China's life. And we forget that, only a few years ago, every European in China was hoping to high heaven that soon someone (presumably, of course, their own government) would make in and clean China up properly. They became so desperate, many of them, that they would have been happy for anyone—anyone at all—to clean up China and turn it into

some semblance of a civilized nation.

I do not say any of this in righteous indignation of China. What China did inside her own borders, so far as I am concerned, was strictly her own business. Nor do I say it in defence of Japanese aggression against China.

I put it all down simply as a means of clearing sentimentality out of our heads so that a little objective thinking can come into the picture. China was not a My-Whine nation of peace- and joy-loving nationals as it stood in those days, and no amount of present-day sympathy can paint it so.

If we wish to get at the truth, we must meet with the truth.

Let H. G. Woodhead tell his story (*Truth About the Chinese Republic*):

The Chinese Republic is a myth. It will not be made a reality by subjecting foreigners to the abuse and insecurity under which Chinese themselves have suffered at the hands of Tschuns.

"Since the passing of Yuan Shih-kai, the sacharity of the Central Government has collapsed completely. The expansion of China's armed forces has resulted in the complete transfer of political power from the civil to the military officials.

"Even in theory the military



"I haven't had any actual experience, Sir, but I've gained a few pointers from the news read."

man, from the common soldier upwards, enjoys a privileged position, as much as the peasant Chinese laws exempt him from the jurisdiction of all but military tribunals.

"In actual practice, the military is not amenable to any jurisdiction, but constitutes a law unto himself. He loots whatever takes his fancy, commanders and destroy State property (e.g., railways and equipment), and private property.

"In times of civil strife farmers and farm laborers, coolies, carts, transport animals, cars, etc., are ruthlessly impressed into military service, without slightest prospect of compensation.

"The ordinary soldier, following the example of his officers, oppresses and ill-treats the civilian population wherever he is stationed."

Rather than give my own opinions on the state of affairs, I would rather quote a few more observers who saw, perhaps, a great deal more than I did.

I give you a report by Mr. Walter Claxell, British Consul at Foochow:

"The real and crying grievance of the Chinese, at any rate, of the Fukienese working man, is something a great deal more primitive than mere overwork. It is the utter insecurity of his very life.

"However industrious he may be, he has no assurance that he will keep the earnings of his toil, or even of preserving his safety.

"Anything that he may have to put up with from a harsh or exacting employer, or from the greed-some tolerance of poorly paid

labor, is a mere trifle beside the fact that he may any day be seized and dragged off by robbers to their lair in the hills, and shot or tortured by them if he does not work for them as a slave, or produce for them a ransom from his relatives—whose homes these same robbers have, most likely already looted and outraged.

"If he escapes this fate, it may only be to find himself pounced on by a military gang, and—again, unless he somehow finds the means of buying himself off—he commandeered to carry stores for some wandering 'army' or other, which is engaged in an insupportable civil war or in plundering the countryside for support of a predatory political adventurer—and to endure this invasion of his personal freedom without notice, without wages or any other sort of compensation, without the smallest chance of obtaining redress from the law, and exposed to every extremity of barbarity. He is lucky indeed if he should be among the 10 per cent. or so of such pressed men that ever live to see their homes again.

"A man exposed to dangers of this sort would count himself happy if he could be in a country where the rule of law is sufficiently firmly established to give people leisure to complain of long hours of work.

"There are plenty of people in China fully capable of propounding and printing sets of regulations on any subject whatever but between the publication and the general enforcement of regulations a wide gulf is fixed in all countries, and in no country is this gulf wider than in China."



"Remember me! I'm the fellow you splashed yesterday!"

Now Willard Price (Japan Rancher Out) on the subject of taxes and "squeeze". "Behind the altar of sacrifice upon which China is rearing are old warlords who still think first of themselves and their kin, accordingly, if at all, of their country."

"There is government by whom. Their rule is that of Oriental despots. A word, and a head comes off. A nod, and a dozen cowed concubines are replaced by fresh ones. A wave of the opium pipe, and looting soldiers savage a countryside."

"Taxes are ludicrous. Many communities have been forced to pay taxes thirty years in advance. The warlord knows rich emblems mean upon the scholar who can think of a new tax. And so we find taxes on everything from potato plants and chickens to wedding-chairs and coffins."

"In Hsiaoow and Ssowow nearly every move in the life of a pig, not to mention its pre-natal and its after-life, is subject to tax. There is, for the pig, a tax upon the intercourse which permeated it, a tax upon its birth, a tax upon its infancy, a tax upon its growth, a tax upon the weighing of it, a tax upon the butchering of it, a tax upon selling it, and a tax upon eating it."

"When concrete taxable objects ran out, abstractions are taxed. Thus came the Civic Welfare Tax, the Patrimony Tax, the Benevolence Tax, the Righteousness Tax, the Business Tax, and many others."

"There are ingenious taxes which tax a man if he commits a certain offence and also a fine if he does not. For example, there is a heavy penalty for growing opium. The

clever warlord levies it in advance upon every farmer . . . who therefore must grow opium in order to pay the fine . . .

"So complicated is the maze of taxation that a warlord cannot be expected to manipulate all the strings himself. Therefore, he sells a 'tax monopoly,' that is the right to collect a certain tax, to the highest bidder. Naturally, the latter expects to make money on the deal, therefore, he charges the taxpayer many times the actual amount of the tax . . .

"Recently, I met one of the best of the warlords, Marshal Yen Hsueh-shan, who acquired credit as the 'model governor' of Shansi . . .

"As a governor, he was a model by comparison. His people, unlike the Manchus, who have paid taxes forty years in advance, have paid certain taxes only five years in advance."

"Instead of having all their goods confiscated by taxation, often only ninety per cent. of their income went in tax, leaving them ten per cent. to live on. They ate beef mixed with sulfur and survived while others starved to death."

"Then there is Edgar Snow, one of the foremost reporters in the Far East—a journalist who is quoted all over the earth. He wrote:

"In times—where officials danced or played with string-nong girls—there was grain and food, and had been for some months. In Peking and Tientsin and everywhere were thousands of tons of wheat and millet, collected by the Foreign Commission, but which could not be shipped to the starving."

"And why not? Because, in the

north-west there were some military units who wanted to hold all their selling stock and would not release any of it towards the east, while in the east there were other Kuomintang generals who would send no rolling stock to the west—even to the starving people—because they feared it would be seized by their rivals."

"While this famine raged, the Commission decided to build a big canal to help flood some of the land baked by drought."

"The officials gave them every co-operation—and promptly began to buy—for a few cents an acre—all the land that was to be irrigated."

"A flock of vultures thus descended on this benighted country, and purchased from the starving farmers thousands of acres for the taxes in arrears, or for a few coppers, and held it . . .

"Then there was the great Chang Hsueh-ling, ruler of Manchuria in 1931. According to Mr. R. Townsend, an American Consul, he, " . . . practiced the usual shenanigans of Chinese military chiefs. He confiscated what he pleased; he juggled the currency to loot the population; he instigated every variety of ransom tax to raise cash for bribing supporters and maintaining a great private

army. He instigated every kind of butchery that might suit his continuance in power."

"According to Chinese accounts, he was at a theater on the night his long programme of anti-Japanese abnegation resulted in a sudden Japanese attack."

"The Chinese report that Chang Hsueh-ling kept his seat while messages poured into his box asking for instructions. He seemed quite apathetic to events, and was reported at the same theater the next night, while Japanese troops were sweeping across the country at what was the start of the fall of Manchuria."

"Chang had thoughtfully stowed away, in other countries, enough of his loot to keep him in comfort. A yellow-faced opium addict, perhaps he cured him for the outcome. It is no wonder that his 250,000 troops offered scant resistance to the Japanese, nor is it to be wondered at that many of them promptly deserted to the Japanese side, since that Japanese administration was likely to be better than anything under Chinese management."

That, then, is a picture of China, on the eve of the Sino-Japanese conflict—and for some time afterwards.

## of the Balkan War Zone

The little group gathered admiringly round the celebrated soloist.

"Perhaps my most famous feat," said the performer modestly, "was that I performed in the Great Libyan Desert. The pillars were glared down upon me, and on the limitless level sand. Not a shrub, not even a below, in any direction."

"Go on," cried the audience. "What did you do?"

"Well," replied the contractionist, "I sat down in my own shadow."—Darius Optimus.



# A FORTUNE LOST

DEZSO URAY

*The invention of safety matches, saving time and fortune was turned aside for an unappreciated woman*

The strange story of the man who invented the phosphorus match possesses a personality who, under the influence of love and politics, did not care a hang for his invention and was willing to throw away for thenceforth the fortune it might have brought him, and the fame of being one of mankind's great benefactors.

The whole thing began on the day Professor Mellner, a famous professor of chemistry at the University of Vienna, tried for an hour or more during his lecture to "combust" lead oxide by rubbing it with flowers of sulphur. Although the professor kept on rubbing and rubbing, and the students conscientiously kept on watching, nothing happened, and at last the professor gave up the experiment for that day.

The failure annoyed the professor, but irritated even more the student who had helped him with the experiment, a young Hungarian named János Leiszi. On his way home the young man racked his brain to find a way of making the experiment work. Suddenly he had an idea. For thenceforth he bought small quantities of phosphorus, lead oxide and gum arabic. At home he dissolved the phosphorus in hot water, let it cool, mixed the solu-

tion with lead oxide and gum arabic, and spread it on ten small sticks—the same kind of stick which was then already in use for sulphur matches. This was done in about twenty minutes, and the student laid the sticks to dry on the window-sill.

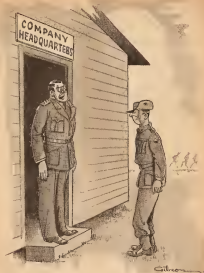
In the evening he struck one of the sticks against the rough wall of his room and added contentedly when the match gently lit up and slowly burnt itself out.

"Of course," and the seventeen-year-old student to himself, "it had to come off." And he decided to pull the professor's leg next day.

During the next lecture Leiszi unobtrusively took out one of his matches, struck it against the wall, and watched the astonished faces of the students and their professor. Then he explained the composition of his new match and struck a few more, by way of showing off.

"You know you could take out a patent for your match," the professor said kindly, but Leiszi only shook his head. He was a dreamer, and cared not for riches, he was only a boy, ready to sacrifice a lot for the sake of a joke or a clever or malicious remark.

After the lecture he confessed to some of his friends his real reason for not wanting to take out a



"Certainly not, Private Wicket. I will not risk the Colonel if he'll trade two days' leave for one Wicket's 'phosphorus match'!"

patent for his invention. In order to take out a patent he would have had to address himself to the Imperial Patent Office in Vienna. But Irinyi came from Hungary, and his family belonged to those who were in violent opposition to the Habsburgs.

"You really can't expect me to humiliate myself before the Imperial Patent Office for the sake of such a trifle," the boy said. And he stuck to this point of view in spite of their persistence.

A few weeks later he was introduced by a friend to a man called Rosner, who had heard of Irinyi's invention and wanted to go into partnership with him to exploit it. Irinyi went to see Rosner and met his daughter, a lovely and charming girl. The sight of her put all ideas of exploiting the invention out of his head; indeed, he nearly forgot the invention itself. The only thing he wanted was to get old Rosner's permission to call again and see Miss Rosner often. Rosner, less romantically inclined and rather annoyed at the young man's foolishness, offered Irinyi money for the invention, but the young man was horrified at the idea of accepting even a penny from the father of such a daughter.

Rosner insisted, and at last Irinyi, who was longing to get rid of the father and talk to the daughter instead, said: "All right, then. Give me threepence. That's what it cost me. Then you can do what you like with my shining invention."

Rosner was a good business man, but he was too honest to take advantage of the boy's folly.

"Sorry," he said, "I can't agree to that. So I'm afraid the whole thing's off."

Irinyi was frightened. If he annoyed the father he would not be able to see the daughter again. Finally he gave in to the old man and accepted thirty florins. His hope was that he would often have to come to talk over his invention and that Miss Rosner would gradually grow fond of him and consent to become his wife.

The girl had no objection to the clever young man's adoration, but she was probably aware that her beauty enticed her to a much better match than this inventor of matches. When at last Irinyi had the pluck to propose to the girl, he received such a rebuff that in his despair he left the Rosner house for ever, and Vienna, too.

Returning to Hungary, he lived for some time on his small estate, dividing his time between agriculture and the writing of treatises on chemistry. He seems to have remained faithful to the memory of his first love, for he avoided all women as far as possible. In 1846 he suddenly gave up the quiet of the countryside and moved to Budapest. Here he established a small phosphorus-match factory and a shop where he himself sold his inventions, the "scintilles" phosphorus match. Both the factory and the shop were soon on the way to becoming a good investment.

At that time the matches used all over Europe were the primitive sulphur matches, which were handicapped by their bad smell. Smokers disliked them because the burning sulphur hurt the throat. Women

using them in the kitchen hated them because when lit they exploded and spit tiny particles of sulphur about, and also because they made the whole kitchen smell abominably. Irinyi's matches had none of these unpleasant qualities. The inventor soon received orders from all parts of Hungary, and was forced to enlarge his factory.

For eight years Irinyi was busy match-making. Then the Hungarian rebellion against the Habsburgs flared up. Irinyi's factory closed down at once; he returned home and went in for politics. On the day he left Budapest he said goodbye to his invention once and for all.

After the rebellion had been crushed, Irinyi worked for some time as a clerk. Later, after the reconciliation between the Habsburgs and Hungary, he became a civil servant. But his restless nature would not allow him to remain at anything long. He gave up his job and returned home again, living on

his estate till his death in 1893. His dad worked only a tiny fraction of the millions which he might have made by his invention.

On the day when Irinyi struck his first phosphorus match in the lecture-room his invention became an open secret. In 1840, the year in which Irinyi began making his matches in Budapest, Professor Moldenhauer, of Detmold, established a large phosphorus-match factory in Germany. Europe has always connected the invention of the phosphorus match and the immense industry which resulted from it with the name of the German professor, although Professor Moldenhauer himself always denied being the inventor. So the story of the romantic young Hungarian who succeeded fame and fortune for the sake of love and patriotism a hundred and one years ago, became one of the forgotten things of history.

—Talea Völgyesi, Budapest.

## Luxury Cruise

We've been talking to a British naval reserve officer who, at the outbreak of the current war, was given command of a huge luxury yacht. It had been the property of one of England's most opulent multimillionaires.

Our naval officer told us that he'd been a sailor for thirty years and, man and boy, he'd never seen anything like this sea-going chateau. Besides its painted corridors it was rich in nautical story, its former owner having been quite a blunderer. But now it was England's, given as a token of the gratitude the ship was only too glad to make.

It was during the naval officer's first night at command that he noticed, while lying in the master's cabin, a row of push buttons on the bedside. He pushed them briefly and then experimented. "I selected one at random," he told us. "I touched it. There was a special upbush and a hearty bravo-ho, and, lo and behold, I was bring in hot next door with the sub-Submarine."

—Gibson, U.S.A.



"I've just had it washed out I can't do a thing with it."

## FLYING DOCTOR

G. H. MOSHER

"Standing by, Woolunga," said the grizzled, sun-browned man at the microphone of Station 8SK, Broken Hill. "Call me back on the twelve-metre band when you've taken the patient's temperature."

He flicked a switch and the hum of the powerful transmitter subsided. The only sound in the radio room was the scratchy crackle of the receiving set's loudspeaker, tuned to the twelve-metre wavelength. The browned man was Dr. J. G. Woods, one of Australia's six flying physicians. He looked across at his pilot. "Looks like a tight flight, Bill," he said to that nonchalant young six-footer, and lit a cigarette.

Beyond the windows a hot Australian day was dying in a flaming sunset, up there on the flat dark plateau of Western New South Wales. Inside of ten minutes it would be dark—and these hundred miles away at a lonely cattle "station" a woman hovered on the borderland of that greater darkness, far beyond the reach of ordinary doctors.

The loudspeaker crackled sharply. "8SK," it said, "her temperature is 104. What shall I do? She is dying! Over to you."

Dr. Woods snapped another switch, waited while the power

burn mounted. "Hello, Woolunga," he said, "we are coming immediately. In about two hours' time—not later—light a row of fires down the side of your landing field in the direction of the wind. Keep them burning until we get there. And don't worry. We will probably bring her in to hospital on the stretcher top. Signing off."

He shut off the set, poked up his seatbelts, and the pilot drove them rapidly over the rough road from the Aerial Medical Service base to the aerodrome. Twenty minutes later their twin-engined Deagon Rapide cabin plane left the ground in the darkness at 100 miles an hour, the pilot levelled off at two thousand feet, watched the altimeter needle creep up to 150 and set a course for Woolunga, a tiny spot in that great sea of darkness one million square miles in area which represented the Australian "inland" at night.

The pilot was a veteran in "bush" flying. He flew directly to where those fires made a glaring hole in the night, and the sick woman who had dengue fever was rushed to hospital in time.

Such flights of mercy, at any hour of the night or day, in sandstorms, heat and rain, are part and parcel of the Australian Flying

Doctor's life. Last year pilots and doctors of the Australian Rural Medical Service flew more than 100,000 miles, and doctors of firms were sent which would have otherwise been stifled out in the isolation of these barren plains known as the "great outback" and peopled by only a few thousand hardy sheep and cattle raisers and their families.

Imagine living in a land where it is sometimes a hundred miles to your nearest neighbor where for seven months of the year the temperature tops 100 degrees, ranging up toward 115 in midsummer when, in drought periods, all the cracks and waterholes go bone-dry and you watch your lands drying for want of a drink; where storms of persistent flies pester you for ten months out of twelve; and where about once every two weeks great "black" dust storms sweep across the plains. In these "dust" visibility is restricted to about five yards. Your mouth gets with the dust in your food as you eat, and the red film settles on everything in your house, drifting in through the smallest cracks in windows and doors. Then, after months when the earth is so dry that dust pulls up from the ground with every step you take—come the floods when it rains for days on end, turning the plains into a sea of red mud and complicating your isolation from the outside world.

The roads in the "outback" hungry tracks at their best, are unsuitable then, and there are no telephones since it would cost too much per subscriber to string "phone lines and they would have to be repaired after each bad dust-storm.

Well, that is the Australian inland and I take off my hat to the courage of the sturdy builded folk who live there and raise their herds. Normally the land supports enough vegetation—in the form of salt bush and buffala grass—to feed sheep and cattle, and the country is made up by grazing them over ranches or "stations" as the Aussies call them, which sometimes cover as much as 1200 square miles.

Of Australia's seven million inhabitants, more than two and a half million live in the two cities of Sydney and Melbourne, while the smaller cities and more heavily settled fertile coastal areas claim the rest—except for those few thousands of hardy souls who peopled the interior, shoulder to shoulder with the blacks. For a thousand miles by a thousand miles, 1,000,000 square miles in all, stretches that flat, sandy plain, broken only by an occasional hill.

When you drive any place in the Australian interior, as the writer knows from three years' experience, you can't be sure of getting there. We used to take along a shovel, an extra five-gallon tin of petrol, a set of sand chains, any spare parts handy, a complete set of tools, emergency food tins and a canvas water bag which we suspended from the front bumper so it would keep cool in the wind. And often enough we needed them all.

This explains why stockmen, living alone in their homesteads, are sometimes discovered dead, fly-blown swabbing often months after the Grim Reaper had claimed them.

The A.A.M.S. is putting an end

to all that, thanks to a sturdy old Man of God named the Rev. John Flynn, and known to all Aussies as "Flyn of the Island." For the Australian Inland Mission, Flynn travelled a far-flung parish embracing hundreds of thousands of square miles, at first by camel, and then by motor-truck. After heart-breaking years of witnessing lonely Death, he got the idea of using airplanes and radio to link up the "island" with the outside world.

Today six Aerial Medical Service bases, located at Broken Hill, Kalbarrie, Glenmorgan, Port Hedland, and Wyndham, all settlements of considerable size on the borders of the great interior region, and at Alice Springs, a gold mining camp in almost the exact centre of it, keep in touch with thousands of settlers every day by radio, and at each of these spots first airplanes, doctors and pilots are located.

Flynn's idea caught on. The first experimental base was set up in Glenmorgan in 1926. The radio network has been built up during the past ten years, after much experiment by Harold Tranger, a radio expert, who succeeded in designing a radio transmitter-receiver at a cost of about £75 which does not depend on electric power or batteries, but can be operated by simply pedalling a set of bicycle pedals which charge up a small dynamo. The sets have a range of 100 miles, and thousands of them have been sold at cost price to inland settlers. Where several settlers live close to one another, they buy a set between them.

Every day the radio operator at each of the A.M.S. bases contacts

each unit in the network, passes the news of day, takes down telegrams for transmission to the outside world, and passes along information requested. If there is sickness in any homestead the doctor prescribes remedies over the air, and if a patient's condition becomes serious, pays a call by 'plane.

For the past ten years A.M.S. Doctors and Pilots have been exceptionally busy, for between calls they have been flying new radio apparatus in to settlers joining the network, superintending its installation, and seeing that in each case a field near the homestead is cleared and levelled for the 'plane to land on.

At Broken Hill I had a chance to study the Flying Doctor's work at close-hand, for he kept his big Dragon Rapide airplane in the hangar of the Aero Club of Broken Hill, of which I was president. I flew with him on cases, several times, and once we went through a sandstorm, with the temperature 115 degrees.

The Flying Doctor and his Pilot have to be conscientious men, and they live by a strict routine each day. The Doctor lives in the same building with the radio base, and whenever he leaves for an hour or so around town, must advise the radio operator where he can be located on the "phone, in case an emergency develops. The pilot is similarly restricted in his movements.

Flying over the Australian inland calls for special skill because there is almost a complete absence of landmarks. The country is flat, sandy and characterless, even by

drained up crack-buds. Sometimes a lake is shown on a map, but when you get to the spot you find it had dried up long ago and you can pass right over it without being able to distinguish it from the surrounding country. Herds of kangaroos and emus (buds similar to the ostrich) roam the plains in search of food. Flying is mostly by conga-conga and if you happen to miss the place you are heading for, a forced landing in the desert, starvation, thirst and death be in wait for you.

One of the most unusual Flying Doctors in Australia was Dr. Clive Fenton, a Government Health Officer who patrolled the region surrounding Darwin on the north coast. Fenton bought himself an old Moth aeroplane many years ago, and taught himself to fly by the trial and error method. After many crack-ups, which he miraculously survived, he became a remarkable pilot, although he did not hold a license for either himself or his aircraft, and was considered something of an outlaw by the Australian Civil Aviation authorities.

At one time or another he has been lost on half a dozen occasions, and aircraft sent to find him have located him sitting by the wreckage of his machine somewhere away off on the plains, conserving his last few ounces of water and the remnants of his emergency rations. He established a precedent not long ago, by landing his 'plane in the main street of a town, one day, and taxiing up to the local petrol station. When the attendant station attendant had filled the Moth's tank with ten gallons of 80 octane petrol, Fenton paid him, waved a

cheery farewell and turned around and took off down the street again.

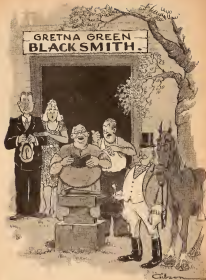
Bettering at night from some emergency trip or other, it was his habit to fly low over the outdoor movie theatre at Darwin, and sometimes he came so low that Darwinites have told me he passed between where they were sitting and the screen. This was by way of announcing himself so local folks could drive their cars out to the aerodrome and provide sufficient illumination from their headlights for him to land his ship.

Fenton is one of the most beloved characters in Australia, seems to fear nothing, and undoubtedly bears a charmed life. God appears to smile on men like that. To-day he is an officer of the Royal Australian Air Force.

Doctor Woods of Broken Hill made medical history recently when he successfully directed the setting of a broken shoulder over the radio. A Mission Sinter at a paid-transmitter set in a far-off homestead passed along his instructions to a pair of husky cattle-men, and within five minutes they had snapped the bone back into position and applied splints. Making a personal visit a few days later the doctor passed the job on equal to anything he could have done himself.

A hundred miles from your nearest neighbor, no telephone, and what amounts to no roads, yet a doctor can be summoned in not more than five hours, even if you are 100 miles from an A.M.S. base. That is progress of which Australia should be justly proud!

—Commercial Aviator, Toronto.



"Hol, Hol. These two over there are to be married . . . But gentlemen only want it's horse shed."



# CAVALCADE

Presents



## THE BALANCED REVIEW



### Editorial ☆☆☆

Many a time, CAVALCADE and THE INSIDER have loudly cried to heaven for increased Australian propaganda.

Little has been done about it, so once more this publication addresses itself to that question, begins loudly crying again, cries to show why and how it is necessary.

Parable: There were once two brothers, they were just about equal in everything—in spirit, personality, brains, health, and what have you.

One brother, however, had the knack of publicising himself, of convincing the world that he had capabilities that were well worthwhile, that he was a desirable employee—a man with talent and administrative ability.

That brother actually had all these qualities; but he had something else, too. He had push, confidence in himself, enthusiasm. He knew he was right because something inside him told him so.

In effect, he was unconsciously

influenced by his own propaganda. He had painted a lively picture of himself; he had no stroke hard to live up to that picture.

The other brother sat in the background, made no headway at all—although there was no difference in their capabilities.

Australia, recently, has been charged with the crime of apathy. That is not the fault of Australians; they have been allowed to sit in the background. Men for men, they are as good—if not better—than any other race in the world.

Act for acts, their country ranks with the world's best. Ounce for ounce, their strength, brains, achievement, and capabilities are the equal of any.

What, then, do they lack? They lack a great, inspired leader, who will show them the way. They lack that publicity that will lift and drive them from within—propaganda that will give them an inner force, pride, a sheer restless

desire to be up and doing.

That sort of propaganda cannot be conducted along penny-punching lines. It will have to be a tremendous and vital force. But it will more than pay for itself in a thousand ways.

That Australians will respond to such publicity, and the statements it embodies, has been proved hundreds of times.

In a Sydney theatre recently, a little sixteen-year-old Deanna Durbin sang (for British Empire consumption, in a tail-piece stuck onto the end of *Nice Girl*) *There'll Always Be an England*.

The effect of that simple, unadorned song was terrific. In the mood of all the audiences who have seen that picture there remains one very clear picture—simply Durbin, singing *There'll Always Be an England*. When they have forgotten (as most have already) what the story was, they will still remember that tail-piece. It lifted them out of their seats; it boosted them so

that they scarcely breathed, it made many weep.

Australians are ready to rise up as they have never risen before for their country, their Empire. They know that tail-piece was propaganda. But that did not matter, it was their propaganda, it mirrored their feelings. They wanted to go out and smash things and conquer the world—because in that moment they could feel the strength of their own, budding nationalistic ideas.

Propaganda is not, as some have unfortunately been taught to believe, the art of lying convincingly and picturesquely to the masses.

It is more than that. It is the label that tells us, and the whole world, that we are proud to be what we are, we are proud of our way of life, and of the freedom that that way of life has thrown into our laps.

It tells more than that. It is evidence that we are up and doing, that we are on our toes and awake.

The Balanced Review is from the extremely famous pen of "The Insider." In view, primarily, of its accuracy, its interest to Australia's interests and the general public, it is in the public. It is a magazine that is a masterpiece of editorial accuracy and completely exposes the workings of internationalism.

# The Pacific ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

## ... PACIFIC REVIEW

During May, no one got a very clear picture of the Pacific. There were all sorts of rambles and rumors, ups and downs with very little indication of what really was in the air.

Some reports said that Japan was seeking peace; others thought that both China and Japan were getting together on some peace-formats.

In Tokyo, Foreign Minister Matsukata hob-nobbed with Axis diplomats. In Washington, American diplomats hob-nobbed with British conferees. In Australia, the natives got snickered necks and nose eyes from trying to follow all the movements.

At month's end, things were largely unaltered. Japan was still marking time, while the voice of Japanese moderates could be heard somewhere louder than usual.

U.S.A. was marking time a little more objectively. Looking back, it was seen that North America had moved perceptibly—towards Britain. How much more she would move during June was the moot point. At any time at all, some believed, her time-marking would break into a double-quick march.

## ... TO BEGIN

At the beginning of May, U.S.A. lifted her right foot tentatively, as though to march, brought it down with a hard stamp.

Before the Chambers of Con-

merce Convention, Admiral H. R. Stark, Chief of Naval Operations, opened his mouth wide. Before him, neatly spread, neatly typed, as a tidy moral job, was his speech. Its burden: "The navy is charged with the responsibility of making sure that your ships (i.e., ships of commerce) roll down to Rio and back, with no enemy molesting them but winter and rough weather."

"Your tankers bring Texas gasoline to serve New Jersey filling stations undisturbed; your freighters put out and return from Sydney and Singapore—from Batavia, Manila, and Hong Kong, with unbroached cargoes."

"Finally, the navy is there to ensure that the American nations proceed on their legitimate affairs to the east of the earth and back, no man making them afraid. . ."

## ... BOMB-SHELL

At the tail-end of his speech, he threw a broadside—starting it, like a good sailor, for its element of surprise. What he had to say was not typed on his bundle of notes. It came right out of his head.

Said he: "I wish I could talk about convoys. I would like to tell you about our patrols, 3,600 miles out—from high latitudes to the Antilles; in both oceans. . ."

Later, journalists flocked around him, squalling like sea-gulls around a loaf of floating bread. Explained he, to them: "Perhaps 2,000 miles

is a better approximation, but a few weeks ago the patrol line was moved substantially eastward."

## ... MORE

Very soon, other voices were added to sailor Stark's. President Roosevelt backed him up, and yes indeed, U.S. ships were spotting raiders, U-boats, etc., announcing their position by radio.

To this, Kapablanco leader Wendell Willkie added his voice, demanded more action than war-harassed President Roosevelt was yet prepared to announce.

Demanding Willkie, by indirect approach: "If I were President of these United States, I should ask the Army, Navy and Air experts to advise on the best possible method of protecting our cargoes."

"I absolutely favor ensuring delivery, whether by convoy, airplanes, accompanying merchant ships, or whatever methods those experts deem best. I believe that the greatest use of the Navy is not enough."

Meanwhile, Naval Secretary Colonel Knox was giving out that, within three months, U.S.A. armistage would be greater than that of any other country in the world.

## ... SUGGESTIONS

At May's beginning, the *Japan Times*, badly mistiming its cue, issued a suggested 10-point proposal for world peace. The suggestion went off with a bang; a bang which, however, back-fired.

That idea was a typical newspaper office peace-plan, half-baked, damp, full of fire. True purpose

of the plan was something no one could fathom.

It wanted a conference at which everyone (Germany, Italy, Japan, U.S.A., Britain) would sit in Terms (under also) no more White Australia, Monroe Doctrine, unequal naval strength, British strongholds (Malta, Singapore, Hong Kong, etc.).

## ... PEACE

Few days later, news came that perhaps China and Japan were talking peace—or preparing to talk peace—on China's terms.

According to Tokyo's journal, *Nishi Nishi*, Japanese Ambassador Honda, from Nanking, was on his way home with a bagful of proposals he had picked up somewhere.

The story was that tough, hard-fighting Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek had and he would consider an armistice if Japanese troops quit China, U.S.A., related.

Meanwhile, the *Army's* journal *Kokumun* came out with a surprise attack on Nazism and everything else. It said: "To date, no one here (in Japan) has seemed capable or willing to make any comment on the fact that Nazism in Japan is as dangerous to our way of life as is Communism in a Democracy."

"Why is care not being taken here to guard us against this national socialism? The time is ripe for us to do some soul-searching and to make some inquiries about the tremendous network of Nazi espionage throughout Japan."

In French Indo-China, Colonel Signe was saying that: "It is most unlikely Japan would go to war with the United States of America

—even if that country entered the European war.

"We will fight only on one provocation—that is, if we are attacked. . . there are plenty of loopholes in our Tripartite Pact."

### ... SPEECH

In the United States, President Roosevelt was scheduled to make a "most important" broadcast speech. There was plenty of speculation, rumor, forecasting of what he would say.

Nearly everyone with enough importance to get near a microphone had, in the past few days, had their say on the question of convoys. Most leaders—Army, Navy, Air—were outright in demanding convoys.

Perhaps President Roosevelt would give them convoys.

Said the New York Journal P.M.: "There are very strong reasons for believing that the President will come out with a definite proposal for union between England and the United States."

"Some are saying that this proposal of his will be for a union at the conclusion of the war. Others—including this paper—believe that it will be for a union before then."

"There is also a considerable amount of evidence that the proposal will be for a joint Anglo-American naval command."

In Italy, Rome newspapers were quite certain that Roosevelt's speech would announce outright American intervention in the war on the side of Britain.

What he was going to say, actually, only President Roosevelt knew—and he told no one.

Possibilities were that it would be conveying with a new twist to it. To date, Roosevelt has made no conventional moves. While everyone was talking about America's Neutrality Act, the impossibility of lending money to Britain until it was repealed, the difficulty of giving aid to Britain, U.S.A.'s President found a way to twist round behind the Act with his Lend-or-Lease idea.

Next and easy, it ducked behind the Neutrality Act, surprised everyone with its cunning simplicity.

No doubt, President Roosevelt would make another move that was just as cunningly simple, just as unusual, just as far removed from the conventional.

### ... OBJECTION

In loud objection, co-President Hoover raised his voice against convoys with a considered plea.

His idea: That America could best serve Britain's interests by keeping outside the conflict. He upheld the necessity for giving first-aid to Britain.

Convoys, however, he said, would bring the U.S.A. into the war—invariably. This would mean that his country would have to train, equip, mechanize about 5,000,000 men.

To ferry these men, this material across the Atlantic, at least 40,000,000 tons of shipping would be needed. If Germany wanted to invade the U.S. she would need the same number of troops, the same equipment, same shipping.

He thought that his United States were doing enough at present.

### ... POSTPONEMENT

Couple of days later, at the middle of May, it was announced that for reasons unspecified garbled long-headed President Roosevelt would not give his broadcast as scheduled. He would deliver a Fireside Chat on 27 May.

According to insiders, there was some division of opinion on the subject of conveying and other aid-to-Britain matters. U.S.A.'s next move—whatever it might be—would bring her perilously close to war.

At this date, there was still a large and influential section of the States valuably opposed to entanglement in the European war.

Therefore, it seemed reasonable to suppose that whatever Franklin Roosevelt had to say, it was probably something that would carry America well into the danger-zone.

Already, Germany was threatening to sink conveying American warships on sight, to stall supplies—carrying American merchantmen heading towards the Red Sea to the bottom.

### ... CLEAR-CUT

In London's House of Commons, move Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden clearly told Japan what he thought was what.

Said he: "I have informed the Japanese Government that our primary object is to conserve supplies

for our war-effort and to prevent supplies reaching our enemies."

"Japan's attitude towards our interests, however, naturally affects our economic policy."

### ... MEETINGS

In Japan, everyone was scurrying around meeting everyone else. Ambassador Joseph Grew (U.S.A.) visited Foreign Minister Matsuzaki. Ambassador Grange (Britain) went and did likewise.

One way and another, Foreign Minister Matsuzaki was hahnobbling with Axis diplomats. Out of all this visiting, no concrete evidence developed.

### ... VISITOR

In U.S.A., Prime Minister Menzies (Australia) specified at length, did no little good for Britain's cause by his forthright replies to reporters, his clear-thinking orations, his "honest, manly propaganda."

During his tour abroad, Prime Minister Menzies had learned to speak Szechwan, somewhere, he had learned the trick of stimulating masses, lifting them, holding them—a trick he had not known before he went away.

In other words, Robert Gordon Menzies went away as a raw politician, had come back with a punch and polish that might well make him the leader his country was desperately seeking.



# International

★ ★ ★

## —U.S.A.—

came to suggested Ambassador Bennett.

### ... APPEASER

Up-coming for a long time has been the growing breach between the United States and France's Vichy Government. To those who knew what was doing on the inside, it was no surprise that, last month France's Ambassador Gaston Henri-Haye should get himself into hot water with Washington officials when Marshal Petain's "closer collaboration with Germany" scheme was announced.

Four weeks ago, Germany's Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop conceived the brilliant idea of appeasement and/or soothing U.S.A., by using France as a bridge.

Therefore, he suggested to his old, doddering Marshal Petain that tall, elegant Georges Bennett should be sent to Washington as Ambassador, and M. Henri-Haye recalled.

The idea, M. Bennett, as appeaser who had understood France's system of alliances, had a finger deep in the Munich pie, abrogated the Franco-Soviet Agreement would be able to find plenty of scope for his talents in the States.

Since there are still plenty of Americans and American diplomats in Europe, however, a whisper of this reached home. Straightaway, Washington gave out that it had enough trouble on its hands watching Ambassador Henri-Haye; it would certainly give no warm wel-

### ... WAR

In some Washington circles, these points were being made without comment last month. They were hard facts, spoke for themselves, needed no comment or elaboration:

(1) In Berlin, many American correspondents had already packed up, left for home. Those that were left (according to the arrivals) had also packed their traps, were watching carefully for the last tick of the clock so they could make a last-minute getaway without being caught.

(2) In U.S.A. German diplomats had been given official instruction from Berlin that they must be ready to leave at three days' notice. Some of them had already started to burn the bulk of their papers and documents—a hurried procedure which every diplomat goes through just before he asks for his passport.

(3) Americans visiting British countries—or any country overseas which necessitates a boat-trip home—were being quietly advised by their Consuls (if and when they asked for advice) to catch the earliest ship they could conveniently manage.

(4) There were very few American women left in Germany. Most had already left, were waiting in nearby neutral countries or making for home. Few, too, were the

American men in Germany. They, likewise, were ready to scam at the drop of a hat.

## —Germany—

### ... SECRETS

In 1934, at Germany's Junkers factory, experimentalists were dilly-dallying with the idea of a rocket-plane—i.e., a plane which could be given extra propulsion by means of rockets so that, although it was very heavily laden, it would lift easily and quickly off the ground.

Once in the air, weight does not matter so much.

Last month, rumors of German rocket-propelled (for taking off only) planes were floating out of the Government.

According to these reports, Junkers were now turning out rockets to be fitted to Ju 88 aircraft. This would make change a whole lot simpler.

For example, Germany's newest, four-engineered Heinkel 177 is so heavy under full load that it can be operated only from a near-perfect automatic French dromes (these nearest Britain) are unsuitable.

Operating from Germany, therefore, these machines must either carry less petrol or a smaller bomb-load—either of which alternatives decrease its efficiency.

If rockets can lift it quickly into the air, Germany will have solved a big problem for her battle-ship-bombers.

### ... ANOTHER

Another German high-tech secret is supposed to be a silent and invisible bomber. This is no

special, unknown bomber. It is simply an ordinary Ju 88 camouflaged in a new and not very exciting way. Last September, these Ju 88's were winged right and left when they turned up over Britain.

Latest edition, however, has two 1,340 h.p. motors that have been muffled down (thus becoming "silent"—a somewhat exaggerated description). "Invisibility" has been accomplished by using transparent fueling and wings, camouflaging what can't be made transparent. Greater weakness with this sort of thing is that, once one such plane is brought down, the cat is out of the bag and the principle (if worthwhile) approved upon and adapted to British planes.

### ... AND ANOTHER

Booted more than any other "secret" is the Roentgen Ray—a sort of X-ray television set.

This, according to the stockist, was invented by Professor Herr Doktor Leo Obbeckschade, of the Berlin Technical High School. Its duty: To show the way through fog and thin clouds.

It is supposed to be very complicated and a special man is necessary to use it. By its use, barrage balloons are avoided and targets "sifted out."

The Aeroplane, foremost of British aerial perils, had something to say on the subject. Commented its editor: "The value of this device (if it exists) was proved by the failure to use it towards the end of January when, for more than a week, the greater part of England was buried in and below a thick pall of fog, cloud, and mist."

## ... UNDERNEATH

After the Great War, earnest, far-seeing men rooted around in the ruins and brought to light some most evil-smelling facts. Most of these facts had to do with the perfidy of *Big Business*, which knows no international barriers, owns few principles, worships only the gods of interest and profit.

These men, along with a Commission of Enquiry set up by the League of Nations to investigate all the evil wartime deeds, uncovered some interesting, if noisome information.

The Brito Betra scandal — a noisome piece of treachery if ever there was one, and since matched by Socialists of every time on every possible and impossible occasion — was not the least of Capital's sins.

It was found that International Capital had served each side with consummate impartiality. After the war, Krupp sold in British courts for \$5,000,000; this was arrears of royalties which should have been paid to Germany for patented hand-grenade fuses . . . patents of which belong to Krupp. Those grenades had blasted Germans all over France.

In a small, yellow-jacketed book (*Rebels*), published by Gallancz, of London, authored by "The Paid Piper," some facts were handed out last month for fighting Britons to chew on.

One of his juicy stories: That tank-expert General de Gaulle, early on, had executed a hot design for a heavy tank, then sold the

plans to the great French Armament known as the *Comité des Forges*.

This concern had (and probably still has) connections with Germany's Krupp Armament.

At that time, France was not interested in tanks; therefore, tank-man de Gaulle's plans were laid out to Krupp on a royalty basis.

Krupp made the tanks, built and fast; later, they rolled down over the Lowlands and France. The *Comité*, of course, did not let this prevent them from collecting their royalties.

Said "The Paid Piper": The (Great War) scandals which dailied (our) fathers will, unless stamped out now, damp (our) enthusiasm and impair (our) efficiency.

"Here, most vividly, is the war on two fronts, the war against Hitlerism and the war against those in this country who put their own profits before the lives of their countrymen."

## ... THE LOWDOWN

Although no one has had much success in trying to trace the identity of Gallancz's usually anonymous victory-book writers, London journals think they have a clue.

According to one: "His subject-matter suggests the City journalist; and, significantly, he uses the spelling 'virgins' which is an oddity of Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, *Sunday Express*, and *Evening Standard*."

Some of the points he made: (1) Even after the war outbreak, some French companies closely associated

with British firms continued to transport supplies of benzine to Switzerland. From here, they went through to Germany. "Possibly," says he, "the recent purchase by Britain, via Switzerland of German machine-tools has been in exchange." (Very similar accusations were published after the Great War.)

(2) In the war's early stages, American reports insisted that France was exchanging men-for German coke.

And so on.

## ... THE RICH

But "The Paid Piper" needs was not entirely against high-treachery. He was jumping energetically onto the backs of the rich. He discovered that some 100 persons had £100,000 per annum income, 100 were drawing £10,000 to £100,000; 102,000 were in the £2,000 p.a. bracket.

Cries he: "There is certainly room for further taxation in these groups. People who are fighting for their lives in a bugged country cannot expect to live at the rate of \$1,000 a year. Yet 102,000 Britons and their families are being allowed to live well above that level, and are still complaining that taxation is too heavy, that it is not worth their while to work."

Another great complaint: Between the years 1911 and 1937, profits earned by 11 of Britain's aircraft firms rose from a miserable £700,000 to something like \$1,700,000.

Nevertheless, it is only when present-day profits exceed the

second, already-inflated figure, that the Excess Profits Tax comes into operation.

If "Paid Piper" could be relied on, he certainly had enough information to start a heavy-burst among "those interests that are in this war for what they can get out of it—and for no other reason at all in the world."

## ... SAME FAITH

Of the same faith in Socialist John Stewchey, who started off with pure Socialism, was captivated over into the Communist camp, has now returned "once and for all" to remain on Socialism's side of the fence.

Writes he: "Neither the British nor the American people can possibly succeed in their resistance if they remain as they are."

"Not all the skill, brawn and endurance which they will certainly display will save them; not all their vast wealth; not all their productive resources will avail them if they do not win an internal struggle of self-regeneration—a struggle more difficult than the war against the Nazi attack."

"If they do not begin to transform themselves, they will in the end, go down to a defeat no less dreadful than that of France."

"This unceasingly involves the subordination of the interests of their rich men to the national effort."

"The interests which stand in the way are the interests of private property run mad; they are the interests of private property turned into monopoly; of a greedy, evil,

stupid, intemperate, fear-ridden but they majority of the population, which must be overcome if our country is to live."

In other words, Britons were beginning to take their leaders at their word, when they said: "There shall be no spectacle of tremendous riches living beside tremendous poverty when this war is over."

## ... CORVETTES

Said Britain's *Naval* *Alexander*, couple of weeks ago: "His Majesty's Corvettes have earned out, and are carrying out, the most valuable anti-submarine and convoy service. The Admiralty is satisfied that they have shown their ability to meet the urgent requirement for which they were designed."

Quite a mouthful was their first, official name: Anti-submarine vessels of the whale-catcher type. This name was fented on the unfortunate craft because they had long funnels, small displacement. Later, it was changed; Corvettes were small warships, used in early sailing and storming days.

Britain's new Corvettes are secret weapons, smaller than destroyers; they carry a crew of from 50 to 60, and even like demented corkers so that even hardened sailors have difficulty holding down their food.

After France's collapse, Britain needed small, fast ships—as many as she could get, and as quickly. Destroyers, which take about two years to build, were out of the question.

In came the Corvettes. Soon, ac-

cording to some British reports, these vessels will be coming off the slips at the rate of one a month.

Most of their features are severely hush-hush. They can, however, fight U-boats in dirtiest of weather, be built quickly and cheaply (costing only a fraction of the expenditure required to build a destroyer).

Range, speed, armament are strictly secret.

They are slower than a destroyer, faster than a U-boat, need only one-third of a destroyer's crew, are extremely hard to hit or sea.

## ... TO VICTORY

Men best in a position to know what's what during wartime are Diplomatic and Fighting brass-hats. Little time ago, U.S.A.'s famed *United States News* conducted a poll among high-ranking Army, Navy, Air Corps leaders, and members of the U.S. Department and Diplomatic Corps at Washington.

Four out of five foreign diplomats in the United States predicted that Britain would eventually win.

The figures: 82 per cent. of Foreign Diplomats voted for Britain, 7 per cent. for Germany. 70 per cent. U.S. Diplomats voted for Britain, 13 per cent. for Germany. 66 per cent. U.S. Army officials for Britain, 10 per cent. for Germany. 48 per cent. Navy Officials for Britain, 5 per cent. for Germany.

Remainder of those questioned predicted either: (1) that no one would win—that is, the war would result in a stalemate; or (2) that Britain would win with American aid.

## —Switzerland—

### ... THE NEW SPY

For some reason—perhaps so that belligerents will have a common neutral ground on which to meet without their swords—Switzerland usually means being entangled in Europe's wars.

Switzerland, therefore, is a happy lodging-ground for spies, a marketplace in which their wares can be bought, sold, exchanged.

During Europe's Great War, spies tended to run along orthodox channels: beautiful blondes, voluptuous brunettes, dishing nose-script little-shots of the game, cigar-smoking big-shots.

According to an American correspondent, just returned from Switzerland, however, things are radically different this time. There is neither room nor use for the Mata Hari type who will flirt and sell everything she has for a man of trivial information.

Even this branch of warfare has been hotted up, modernized.

Warring Governments now need different material for their espionage work—men and women who are totally lacking in personality, physical charm, or any attribute that will tend to make them stand out among the masses.

Today's intelligence service does not concentrate on detail work. That part is done by a few, trusty, highly-paid experts. The mass of information is what they want.

And because mass of information—scraps of news about anything—a required, masses of spies are

needed, and salaries are very short indeed.

The result: Spies are none too keen. Their information is pooled, checked, re-checked.

Only specialist-spies still on the job are those with many years of experience—most of whom were on duty long before the war began. The rest are small fry.

Military attaches and Embassy officials in Switzerland have estimated that the total number of secret agents white-washing each other's countries during the Great War was somewhere about 60,000.

The number employed this time—including all the small fry—they estimate, would be about 125,000.

## ... SAMPLE

In Britain, last month, a factory was bombed. Next day, a Munitions Department expert arrived, notebook in hand, to examine the damage, ask questions about cessation of production, etc.

Following day, another Government Expert turned up, asked more questions, made searching inquiries.

On the third day, when a third Official arrived the factory's manager grew leery, asked to see the Official's credentials. They were produced.

Only then was it discovered that the first two gentlemen had been spies.

These two were high-grade, efficient agents.

## ... BUSINESS

Most successful of this war's spies, said the correspondent, are

plain, honest-looking, international businessmen, who arrive armed with nothing more lethal than an order-book from neutral countries.

They poke about here and there, leeching what they can. They visit and listen. Today's war needs their neutral products and warning Governments are prone to let him pass their frontiers on this account.

Eventually, he crosses back into a neutral country, then crosses into enemy territory. There, he may go to a friend, another businessman, a Diplomat, an Army Officer—almost anyone—and roll off some information about industrial bottlenecks, raw-material difficulties in certain factories, etc.

Couple of nights later, that factory is likely to be bombed—to increase the bottleneck.

## — Russia — ... ON GUARD

Just what Russia is up to, no one knows, although there are plenty of correspondents sitting up late at night cooking up guesses.

From a usually reliable source, however, these facts came last month:

"One thing is certain. Russia does not and never will trust Germany. They may cook up some sort of military alliance between them—as has been predicted by some people in this part of the world—but they cannot ever play safely side by side.

"That much is obvious without needing any facts to support it.

"There is no doubt whatever that Germany is frightened to walk through Turkey at the moment.

Thus, her aim (in accordance with the general strategical German plan) is to swing around that country. Germany always swings around (that is, encircles) strong-points which refuse to give in, or are likely to cause diplomatic difficulties.

"Thus, she has swung away from Britain for the time-being—leaving that strong-point to be, perhaps, starved out or attacked at a later date—if that is possible. Britain, in fact, is the stone in her side—a stone that cannot be removed easily.

"So Turkey is likely to be left alone—let Russia prove difficult on the subject. If, however, Russia can be cajoled or bluffed into forsaking Turkey, the Turks' number is up.

"But perhaps Russia will not be bluffed or cajoled. For these facts are known in Moscow: (1) Few weeks ago, Berlin approached the Kremlin and asked that they be allowed to use industrial plants near that capital, and on the Volga, for the manufacture of 'plane replacement parts.

"R.A.F. raids, pleading a well-worn groove month after month, have caused no little havoc to factories in Northern and Western Germany.

"As a consequence, they wanted to shift some of their plants to Russia. Stalin said very definitely, No.

"(2) According to a well-founded report here, Russia's Ogpa has information that Germany has been disseminating propaganda among White Russians, organizing them to help in the eventual attack on their Homeland.

# National

☆ ☆ ☆

## ... NATIONAL APATHY

Well-known, indeed, is the fact that Australians are slow to enthusiasm about anything, difficult to move, apathetic about almost anything that requires them to get out of their sun-warmed rut.

This is part of our nature. It is realized and recognized by everyone except the Australian Government. Writers, poets, philosophers, psychologists have all commented on it.

But because that Government cannot read, it has not yet been able clearly to see this national apathy.

The result: For months, almost every member of the Government an almost every politician, great and small, he could find, has been plaintively howling for a greater war-effort.

At that point, however, their leadership ceases. They have complained publicly about the Great Australian Lassitude, then subsided into silence to do some head-wringing.

Meantime, Australians, every one of whom are anxiously earnest to be up and doing with increased vigor, look puzzledly at their politicians, ask: "Well, what do you want us to do? Just tell us and we'll do it. You're the boss."

Every anti-apathy speech to date has been check-full of wind and vagaries. There have been no facts, no helpful advice to leaders, no argumentation for increased effort. Their burden has been, very simply:

"Why don't you Australian people get your coats off and do something—the position's terrible."

## ... PREPARATION

In brief, this apathy is not as much of the people as of the Government. It is their duty to throw up factories as fast as bricks and mortar can be put together, their duty to put Labor to this job, Capital to that, their duty, in fact, to make this wide Continent ring with industry.

For years, this war has been blowing up. All those years, the Australian Government has had to organize and prepare. It required very little foresight to see that some preparation to boost patriotism and fight apathy would be needed.

At the war's outbreak there was plenty of enthusiasm. It ran wild, split over. Loosely, scattering began—volunteers poured in in numbers which embarrassed the Government because they did not have the organization to handle them.

After that, recurring full away, and is now far short of its previous impetus.

## ... COMPLAINTS

Long and loud have been the complaints of Recruiter Lloyd Long and loud he has ruled against "apathy." His trouble: He is trying to catch sweetfish with fly-hooks.

Said "Scipio" in his clear-headed

book (100,000,000 *Alfas*—if *We Cheer*): "... an apathetic or defeatist public opinion is always evidence of inadequate leadership. Hucker understands this fact. 'A man that is apathetic and dull is the greatest threat to unity. Apathy is to the masses a defensive form of rejection. . . . The statesman who fails to take immediate steps against growing apathy of the masses ought to be impeached.' (*Hucker Speaks*, p. 309). Hucker does not suggest the impeachment of the masses for apathy or the prosecution of the man in the street for defeatist attitudes. He realises, better perhaps than our Ministry of Information, that it is the leaders and not the rank and file who must be punished if the man in the street is apathetic. . . ."

There is the answer to Raczmar Lloyd's bewailing.

In other words, if he wants to sell something to his public he will have to do it just as any other advertiser—only on a bigger scale—just as Hitler and Mussolini sold their herds by high-pressure publicity, by misleading men, brass bands, posters, movies, lectures (delivered by men who *can speak*).

With that kind of stuff, this Australian continent must be packed.

Australians are just as patriotic as anyone else. But it is useless to expect them to respond to a tepid, half-cooked appeal that has most of the elements of overnight begging.

On tour, Gen. Lloyd's recruiting unit used Muscle-man Don Atholde to drum up customers. A combination of Speed Gordon and Tarzan of the Apes herculean Don Atholde twisted men's ties into tangles

lovers' knots (muttering: "I wish this was Hitler's neck!"), allowed others to crack rocks on his barrel-like chest as he lay on a bed of nails ("I want a cocoon for every one of those penitents in my back!"), invited others to pull his fist-clenched arms apart, etc.

### ... OLD-FASHIONED

Old-fashioned, of the semi-racine, 1914 stuff was most of the unit's cajolery. It made the grade thirty years ago, but makes no allowance for the fact that enlightenment is thirty years older.

Australians do not ridicule easily, become more tolerant, more hostile under its pricking, are apathetic only because no one has made an intelligent, worth-while effort to give them leadership and enthusiasm.

### ... "OVER-PRODUCTION"

From time-to-time—although it is universally recognized that Australia's production must be tapped and tapped to the limit—inquiries men belonging to industrial associations wag their heads and wern against "Over-production in Australia," and "the danger of having tremendous industrial capacity and no markets for products after the war." Last month, we were warned again.

At May's beginning, in London, check-as Prime Minister Robert Menzies of Australia sketched with the problem. Said he: "If Australia stuck to growing wool, wheat and butter, England would not have food on its tables to-day, because steel is necessary to get it here. . . . The iron and steel indus-

tries of Australia are the basis of Australia's war production, which is the greatest effort of our lifetime. . . ."

Weyly, one or two of Prime Minister Menzies' audience (local and overseas, British and Australian), recalled an outbreak which British manufacturers staged at this war's beginning.

Reported THE INSIDER at that time (November, 1939): "At last month's end, bigtime British manufacturers suddenly woke up to the fact that Depression manufacturers were going ahead like wildfire.

"Straightway, they mopped favored brows, threw caution to the winds, burst wildly and violently into the firelight. The reason: If this sort of thing was allowed to go on unchecked, it would have the same effect on their traditional profits as an end-on a sham treatment.

"Accused they, pointing a quivering, complaining finger! Australia now manufactures all manner of things made from iron and steel; but this is only because of her heaven-high tariff wall, by virtue of which the industry has been able to thrive.

"After that, they passed for a moment, gathered breath, went on to give further advice that Depression Governments should not be too ambitious in their industrialization programs.

"Suggested they in one breath: 'It would be a whole lot better if you people in Australia went into the possibilities of obtaining some manufactured products from the United States. Otherwise, when this war is over, you will find that

your products might replace ours—which are much superior—on the world's market.'

"Suggested they, in a second breath, 'Under these circumstances, would be doing us out of a job.'

"Not explained in the second breath was the manner in which an inferior product, uneconomically produced, could replace a superior British product economically produced."

This, then, is the philosophy of the British Over-production Boys! . . . purely from the point of view of maximum war production, it might be a good thing to quadruple this plant of ours, to throw up contracts we have with our old private clients, X, Y, and Z, and to go all out on war production. But that will spell disaster for the firm when peace comes. We shall be saddled with a vastly larger plant than we require, and we shall have lost all those private clients whose orders we shall need to make any profit, when the orders—ordered by the Government for the duration—are beaten into ploughshares. . . . Furthermore, if the Depressions become too highly industrialized we shall have all that competition to contend with; for they, too, will have machines. . . ."

Prime Minister Menzies' audience knew—or guessed—that, at this war's end some London effort will be made to halt or hamstring Australian industrialization; they wondered why Australia's Treasury could show a surplus of about 25,000,000 unused pounds at this year's financial end (about 11 per cent. of the total amount budgeted) which could have been used for upping industrialization.

## History in the Making

(Continued from page 59)

Herr Rudolph Hess, second Deputy Fuhrer of Germany, who had come to stay.

**MAY 15:** According to Herr Hess's story, he had come to see Britain's Duke of Hamilton. Several German 'planes were using Syrian (French Mandate) airdromes on their way to Iraq. Shot-quick, Britain started to bomb Syrian airdromes. On the Egyptian border British troops were taking the initiative.

**MAY 16:** Late rebellious Iraq, Germany was pumping 'planefuls of bombs. They descended on Mosul airport, began organising raiding-parties over the British lines. Glaringly obvious was the fact that they were coming via Syria. Meanwhile, France's General Dentz, in Syria, began to give out fighting words: "My task is to defend the sides and soil of Syria. I will do this to fulfil my duty. We will meet force with force." In Abyssinia, at Amba Alagi, Italy's Duke of Aosta decided to throw in the sponge, accept surrender-terms from the British forces.

**MAY 18:** In the Mediterranean, German air-troops began to descend on Crete like snowflakes; Allied forces on that island were wiping them out almost as fast as they could land. They kept coming.

Indignation over France's collaboration with Germany was growing hourly. In Iraq, British forces captured Fallujah.

**MAY 21:** More-and-more German

air-troops floated down on Crete; more-and-more German troop-carrying 'planes landed, took off for Greece to pick up new loads.

**MAY 21:** The position in Crete had not crystallised. There was hard hand-to-hand fighting. A French regiment doggedly marched out of Syria, to join with Gen. de Gaulle. Over Heligoland Naval Base (German) seemed and blasted British 'planes. Tobruk still held valiantly.

**MAY 25:** In the Atlantic, somewhere off Greenland, a lucky, 20-mile shot from Germany's battleship Bismarck caught Britain's battleship Hood square in the magazine, blew it up with the 1,344 men aboard. Horrified, other British ships set off after the Bismarck, which scouted for home. Fighting was still as hard as ever on Crete. In Iraq and North Africa things seemed to be at something of a standstill.

**MAY 26:** Although Germany was still loading troops on Crete, the scale seemed to be decreasing slightly. R.A.F. fighters were now coming from Africa to join war with the Luftwaffe. Greece's King George ripped across to Egypt. Germany's Grand-Admiral Raeder warned U.S.A. against convoying.

**MAY 27:** On Germany's Hood-sinking battleship Bismarck 14 British warships ganged up, sent her down shot-quick. Around Crete, Britain had lost two cruisers, four destroyers. In Crete, fighting was still hot and strong, with Germany quickly gaining the upper hand.



### BRITAIN'S OFFENSIVE IN ACTION

From recent reports it is learned that the R.A.F. have inflicted considerable damage on the industrial areas of Cologne. This interesting camera picture shows the smoking railway station, just to the left of the famous Cologne Cathedral, and shows how Germany tried to hide from the public the amount of damage caused by these attacks.

Wichtig vom 1.7. 1941 bis 31.7. 1941

# Reichszuckerkarte



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Wohnort \_\_\_\_\_

Ordnung \_\_\_\_\_

Gibt Reichszuckerkarte ausliefern - Nicht unterschreiben

350 g Zucker

1.7. - 31.7.41

300 g Zucker

1.7. - 31.7.41

250 g Zucker

1.7. - 31.7.41

200 g Zucker

1.7. - 31.7.41

**SUGAR CARD BELONGING TO A JEW IN GERMANY.**—This is the card used by a Jewish citizen under "Jews" is stamped on big letters on the card. At the bottom are listed the dates on which the holder may draw sugar and the amount of sugar he is entitled to. Apparently, this card allows owner 450 grams on July 14, 1941, and another 450 grams on July 21, 1941. Propaganda Goebbels said the Jews had been "replaced" by the Germans.



**DISNEY INFLUENCE ON AFRICAN FRONT, GAZALA, LIBYA.**—The soldiers first posted on the Gazala front in Libya were told that the "Japs" were "down" on the Gazala front. Even on the Gazala front, the soldiers of the 1st Army.

Cassidy, June, 1941. Page 71



## NEW NIGHT FIGHTER DEVICE

British is again taking heavy toll of enemy raiders, both by day and night. A recent German news bulletin said that last London news was that British fighters were powerful headlight. British forces has illustrated the effect.

Cassidy, June, 1941. Page 72

## HAVOC IN NATURE'S WAR



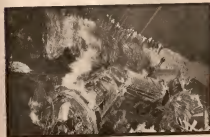
**THIS HOUSE** was destroyed by flood waters in Tennessee County, U.S.A., caused by rains which reached nearly eleventh intensity.



**PORTUGAL.**—A dredge shown as it was whaled late shore during the recent hurricane that spread devastation over the Iberian Peninsula. The dredge later went on rocks and broke up. The photo taken from a promenade roadway.



**SABOTAGE.**—Cars of the "Railways" passenger train of the Pennsylvania Railroad are shown overturned in the Ohio River. Thirty persons were injured and five died in the wreck, caused by the removal of a 15-foot section of rail.



**LIKE STAGS** locked in a death struggle, two freight locomotives are shown after they had crashed in head-on collision. The tugmen died in the crash, which occurred last month on a single track "hell lane," in Carolina, U.S.A.





## HUGE TENT TO COVER DAM SITE

Site of the Mad Mountain Dam, White River Valley (Washington) Good natural sand gravel, which will be sieved with a large cyclone and is order to have some and other materials from crushing a large machine at the dam site, to consist of about 2000 (about an Imperial ton), which is now is covered with heat of rock. The big machine will be stretched from wall to wall of the canyon.



## YOUR INNER-SELF

While you are quaking your electric nerve over the Myrtle cream of your vision, give a thought to this picture. This is how you look, through the eye of the X-ray, of course. It was made at 1/1,000,000th of a second by the ultra-high-speed X-ray in the Washington Laboratory of Biophysics, U.S.A. Note the bag on the finger, the neck, the glasses and the sharply defined mechanism of the electric nerve.

# THE LAW ABOUT REPRISALS

PROF. A. L. GOODHART

*The so-called international rules of 1864 on reprisals are well distinguished from exceptions*

The essence of reprisals is that if one belligerent deliberately violates the accepted rules of warfare, then the other belligerent, for the sake of protecting himself, may resort by way of retaliation to measures which, in ordinary circumstances, would be illegal. Thus a soldier who shoots at the enemy who is attacking him is not committing an act of reprisal, because it is always lawful to shoot the enemy; on the other hand, the destruction of a village because a soldier has been killed in it by a civilian is an act of reprisal, as such destruction would not otherwise be justifiable.

It has occasionally been said that no acts of reprisal are ever justifiable because two wrongs cannot make a right. The answer is that one wrongful act can make the other act rightful. International Law is therefore correct when it speaks of the right of reprisal. This right has been exercised by actually all belligerents in nearly all wars, so that, whether we like it or not, we cannot close our eyes to its existence.

In the last war the British Government exercised the right of reprisal on three major occasions. In 1915 it announced that it would use gas as the Germans had adopted that type of warfare. The Arch-

bishop of Canterbury wrote to the Prime Minister urging him not to use "the same infamous weapon." Mr. Asquith wrote—

"The new developments on the part of our enemy, to which you refer, in the scientific organization of barbarism . . . have aroused in our people a temper of righteous and increasing indignation, for which—I believe—there is no precedent or parallel in our national history."

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath" is a precept which rebukes the petty, personal unbecoming quarrels of social and national life. But it has no application when the issue is such that freedom, hence, humanity itself is at stake."

The next day Earl Kitchener announced in the House of Lords that "our troops must be adequately protected by the employment of similar methods so as to remove the enormous and unjustifiable disadvantage" under which they now suffered. No further protests were made against this reprisal, except by the Germans.

The second British reprisal concerned the German submarine campaign. On February 2, 1915, Germany declared her intention to destroy without warning all enemy merchant vessels which might be found in the waters around the



"It emphasizes as well as puns and serves quite the better of denoting about the place."

United Kingdom. The British Government thereupon issued the famous Reprisals Order in Council of March 11, 1915, which announced that all goods of enemy destination, origin, or ownership would be detained. This involved a far-reaching extension of the right to seize contraband, but was justified as a reprisal.

The third British reprisal was the one issued upon Fribourg 1. It, on April 14, 1917, in which a number of civilians were killed. This was announced to be a reprisal for the torpedoing of the hospital ships *Gloagater Cattle* and *Antares*. "It was intended," Lord Curzon explained in the House of Lords on May 2, 1917, "as a deterrent to prevent the enemy from repeating his crimes against humanity."

Of these three reprisals it may be said that the two first were essential steps in waging the war. If Germany had been allowed to carry on her poison-gas and submarine warfare without retaliation by Great Britain, she would thereby have obtained an advantage which would have made the difference between defeat and victory. Whether or not the third reprisal proved of any practical value is doubtful.

The threat of reprisals was also evoked by the British Government on a number of other occasions. Thus when the Germans executed Captain Fryatt in 1915, the Prime Minister's statement that retaliatory steps would be taken in the future if the Germans continued such acts was sufficient to stop further judicial murders. Similarly, when in 1917 the Germans threatened that British

aviators, who were captured while dropping propaganda leaflets over the enemy lines, would be sentenced to death, the threat of reprisal caused a change in the German attitude.

These various instances illustrate the grounds on which retaliation may be justified. The first is that, as a deterrent, it may induce the enemy to give up his illegal conduct. The second is that it will prevent him from obtaining an unfair advantage in the prosecution of the war. The third is that it is an expression in action of the righteous indignation of the people; at times of war this sentiment can only find expression in the form of reprisals.

This does not mean that all reprisals are justified. There are two conditions which must be fulfilled. The first is that the illegal conduct of the enemy must be clearly proved, and the second is that the action which the retaliating State takes is proper as a measure of reprisals. The violation of both these conditions is illustrated in the infamous destruction of Louvain by the Germans in the last war. Although they claimed that this was a justifiable reprisal for the shooting of German soldiers by Belgian civilians, their action evoked protest throughout the civilized world. This was due to the realization that in the first place it was more than doubtful whether any Belgian civilians had fired on the Germans, and that in the second the reprisal was out of all proportion to the injury suffered. It was therefore accepted by the world as an example of German Schrecklichkeit which was intended to over-

awe the inhabitants by its brutality. In view of these various considerations the determination whether or not retaliation is justifiable under particular circumstances is frequently a matter of difficulty.

And, even when it has been decided that retaliation is justified, a Government may hesitate to engage on a course which is likely to lead to a competition in brutality. —*Clarendon Press, England.*

## "Poop Deck"

There were three men in a boat. A heavy storm came up and the boat began to leak "Mum the pumpie," they cried, all three men fell overboard and the other pumped. The third man stayed in the background and watched his wasn't in the same boat, or was he?

No. 2 pumped hard and he doubted not that their ship would ride the storm. Nevertheless, the water kept pouring in and it was only increased and exhausting work on the part of No. 2 that kept it under some kind of control. Said No. 3: "I'm just a by-stander, but I'd be glad to help if I could be sure you would not stop pumping. Alas, before I take a turn at that pump I'd like to know how you propose to mend our boat when we get to port so that she will not happen again."

No. 2 needed to mend his boat for pumping. He was down in the hold and the water was up to his knees, but No. 3 could not see this, for he was standing on the poop deck and he had left his spectacles in his other ear.

"After all," reasoned No. 3, "I have to look out for myself," and so started sailing topside down on the poop to look for his feet dry in case water filled the hold and leaked upside through the cracks in the top deck. At last reports No. 3 was still busy on the poop deck making it nice and dry "in case anyone cares."

"That other fellow's pumping keeps it dry up here," he told himself. "Besides," he said, shivering toward the hold, "I'd get pneumonia if I went down there without rubber boots on and I haven't got any."

"Daddy!" said the Very Young American after this bedtime story. "what's a poop deck?"

"My son, we're standing on it now."

—*"News From the Outpost," London.*



## What Language is this, Huh?

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by our expatriate forces in the World War of 1917 was in sending messages through the air that could not be deciphered by the Germans. The latter were well versed in all modern and classical languages and could not be fooled, but it took two Chester Indians to outwit them.

These two Indians, one the sender of the messages and the other the receiver, sent messages after messages in plain everyday Chestatee, and the Germans were fooled.

—*Northwestern's Commandant, U.S.A.*

# GOERING'S "STEEL TRUST"

KURT LACHMANN

*Now, a new and unique system  
of eliminating business competition*

The history of the Hermann Goering works is one of the episodes of industrial empire building. But it offers a new variation on the old theme.

The armament race started by Hitler in 1934 led to a full use of German steel-producing capacity by 1936. After the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France the German steel industry explored the available low-grade ore deposits within Germany but it did not see fit to exploit them on a large scale. Under the pressure of the Nazi Government and its war economy, however, the steel industry began to invest more capital in the development of the low-grade mines in southern Germany, especially in Baden, where twelve mines were opened. The deposits in the Salzgitter district in Brunswick had been discarded because of the poor quality of the minerals.

So far the steel industrialists had profited appreciably from the Nazis—they had been allowed to repurchase at a low price the shares of the *Vereinigte Stahlwerke*, the greatest German steel trust, which the Reich had taken over in adjustment of credits during the crisis, and from 1933 to 1937 the large combines had been able to acquire half a billion marks of investments

with funds taken from undistributed profits.

But a new situation arose. Nazi centralism had stimulated international armament. This, together with the general upswing of the business cycle, had increased world consumption and brought about a rise in the price of scrap iron and strong competition in the purchase of iron ores. The planners of the German war economy, with relative autonomy as their goal, began to fear a coming squeeze.

According to an inside story Marshal Goering felt a "anxiety" of a different nature. He had run into huge debts and the amount was too large to be settled by his friends. Hence the creditor banks proposed that he give his name to a new corporation which was to engage in the mining of iron ore, while they would write off his debts in return for his "good will."

All arrangements had been made among Schacht, the banks and the steel industrialists when suddenly, to the complete surprise of all concerned, Goering, as the leader of the Four Year Plan, announced the compulsory amalgamation of the Salzgitter mining rights and the formation of a corporation which was not only to mine ore but also to build coke ovens and complete steel works. It was named the

"Reichswerke A.G. für Eisenbergbau und Eisenhütten" ("German Goering"), and the initial capital paid in by the Government amounted to five million marks.

This action of Goering's seriously undermined the position of Reichsbank President Schacht, for it overruled his authority and weakened his prestige, and at the same time it challenged the steel men in their own field. Backed by the legislative and financial power of the totalitarian state, Goering had settled his own problem as well as that of war economy in contradiction to the advice and the interests of the leading bankers and industrialists. One year later Goering was to declare triumphantly that he would make his works "the greatest industrial enterprise in the world."

Whereas the Goering enterprise had originally been conceived as intended to become an addition to the German iron ore economy, it soon spread out into many different fields with all the characteristics of a vertical trust. It not only reached out for coal but invaded the manufacturing field, the sphere of all production, the transportation and commercial business.

The dynamics of its leaders, Goering and his directors, drove it into ever stronger competition with big steel. With the help of subsidies on private industry and public resources its capital was raised from five million marks to 400 million marks in 1938. Thus it came to rank third among the German stock companies, following the I. G. Farbenindustrie (720 million marks) and the *Vierträge Stahlwerke* (460 million). Only one of

the nine members of its board of directors belonged to private industry.

Its great opportunity came with the division of the spoils after the conquest of Austria. The Goering trust knew how to protect itself against any undesirable competition from competitors. While German private capitalists were excluded from any marauding expedition by the imposition of licenses for all property deals, the Goering trust established a branch at Linz, a month after the entry of the German troops. The experience of Jews and of Austrian state properties made the way easy. In Austria and later in Czechoslovakia, the Goering works became heir to the Rothschilds and many others as well. Vöag, the holding company of the Reich, acquired the majority of the shares of the leading private bank, the *Oesterreichische Creditanstalt-Wiener Bankverein*, which owned considerable blocs of shares in most of the Austrian industries, and from there a collection of the best industrial assets was shifted to the Goering trust.

In this way the Goering trust acquired shares in one of the largest European magnesite mining companies, the *Veitscher Magnesitwerke A.G.*, and 14 per cent. of the capital of the largest Austrian iron ore company, the *Alpine Montangesellschaft A.G.*, which was the owner of the famous Erzberg ore mountain.

For decades 56 per cent. of the Alpine shares had belonged to the *Vereinigte Stahlwerke*, which for reasons of prestige and of international policies had maintained

**AJAX  
CONSTRUCTION  
COMPANY,  
LTD.**



and supported that marginal holding through years of stagnation and depression. Now, with an armament boom in full swing, the Goering enterprise, after bartering the bonds of the steel trust at home, entered the directional office of the Alpine with its 14 per cent. In March, 1933, after a long and obstinate struggle, the steel trust had to give in and sell its Alpine shares to the Goering works; it was even forced to invest the money received in a new synthetic oil plant in Westphalia. From that moment the Goering trust and the Nazi Government lost all interest in the low-grade ores of Baden which the steel corporations had developed at the instigation of the Government.

This was the second victory of the Goering combine over the big steel men of the Ruhr. Its aim had become apparent: not so much to make Germany self-sufficient in iron as to defeat big steel.

The subsidiary branch of the Goering works was soon amalgamated with the Alpine under the name Alpine Mountain A.G. "Hermann Goering," Ltd. It is planned to build new steel plants and an industrial harbor in Lutz, for the production of the normal steels, while the Alpine plants at Donaueschingen are to produce special steels. Guido Schmidt, the former Austrian Foreign Minister, was appointed manager of the Goering works in Lutz, in compensation for his betrayal of Chancellor Schuschnigg.

Czechoslovakia fell and new trophies went to the Goering trust. Half of the lignite mines of northern Czechoslovakia were either con-

fiscated or bought under pressure. The Goering trust also acquired a leading position in the Slovak Danubian shipping company.

One of the richest prizes in Czechoslovakia was the Vítkovice works, owned jointly by the Germans of Vienna and the Rothschilds of Vienna and London. These seem to have been acquired in true gangster fashion. When the Nazis occupied Vienna they imprisoned Baron Louis Rothschild and held him for more than a year until he signed away his rights to Vítkovice, the Goering trust subsequently took control in June, 1939.

Also the two leading armament factories of Czechoslovakia and of central Europe, the Skoda and the Brno armament factory, fell into the hands of the Nazi Government. Since the majorities of Skoda and Brno were in the hands of the Czech state, the Nazis had no difficulty in taking them over at once after the occupation of Prague. Yet even in the middle of 1939 their boards of directors still showed a majority of Czech names and no direct representation of the Goering works.

For a clearer picture of the real leadership of Skoda it is necessary to turn to neighboring Romania. In May, 1940, a metallurgical firm was established in Bucharest, bearing the name of Hermann Goering and representing the great Skoda works. At the head of the Bucharest firm is Albert Goering, a nephew of Hermann. If the Goering combine has not absorbed the wheels of the Skoda works, at least it seems to control the well-paying commercial representation of Skoda

with one of its best customers, the Romanian army.

By midsummer of 1940 the sons Albert Goering and Guido Schmidt, manager of the Austrian Goering works, are found on the board of the largest iron and steel works of Romania, the Reșița iron works. They are there as representatives of the shares formerly owned by the Bras arm factory, a circumstance which suggests that the Goering trust may have been control over Bras too.

There were certain legal obstacles to overcome before these two could enter the directorate of Reșița, because the Czech shares had been syndicalised and deposited with the Westminster Bank in London; but, after some diplomatic pressure on the terrified Romanian Government, the Nazis received duplicate shares.

The Reșița works account for 80 per cent. of Romania's steel production and for 50 per cent. of her locomotive manufacture; they own a number of coal, iron and manganese mines, armament works and agricultural machinery and bridge building shops. Through the Bras arm works the Goering trust has also secured the majority interest in another Romanian armament factory, the Copos Mica metallurgical works. Here too Albert Goering was appointed to the board.

Information about the Goering combine's possible successes in Poland is not available, but we know that the Scandinavian campaign of May, 1940, added another trophy to its iron gloom. The Goering works have taken over the Dusseldorf iron ore mines, owned

by a company of the same name registered in London with a capital of 1700,000. Property changes in France and Luxembourg have not been published but there has been one indication from Germany that German pre-1914 owners of industries in Alsace-Lorraine will not be reinstated in their lost rights.

Such has been the progress of the Hermann Goering trust through foreign lands towards the goal of becoming "the greatest industrial enterprise in the world." Part of the expansion at home was achieved by a redistribution of existing steel participation in various industries, all of which were concentrated in the Völg. From the Völg the Goering trust acquired, for example, the ore fields of the Haidler Hütte, and also, in the middle of 1938, 53 per cent. of the shares of Rheinstahl-Boragin; then it entered the armament business proper and became a competitor of Krupp. The trust's participations were concentrated in a 100-million-mark holding company, the A. G. Reichswerke "Hermann Goering," Berlin.

But the combine still lacked coal. It therefore took over from the state of Prussia the Preussengrube A.G. (capital 12,000,000 marks) with coal mines in Upper Silesia. This is approached the Flick combine, which produced more coal than it used in its own steel plants, and compelled it to trade part of the mine of the Harpener Bergbau A.G., including the Victoria and Herta group and the Priess-Schönach, Maximilian and Bavaria concessions, in exchange for lignite mined east of the Elbe.

A new vista opened up with the



What makes life brighter?

**TOOHEYS  
OATMEAL  
STOUT**

flight of Fritz Thyssen, president of the board of the Vöhringen Stahlwerke, because of his general opposition to the Nazi war policies which, he believed, would lead Germany to disaster. When he refused to return, his properties were confiscated on the basis of the decree allowing the confiscation of Communist property. This holding company was then transferred to the Goering trust. What the Nazi party-state had given to the big steel men for their support in destroying the democratic republic, it took away again under the decree against Communism.

It can thus be assumed that the independence which the leading steel trust had attained and which was operative in its administration and, to some extent, in its general policies, has now vanished. With this development the Goering trust

has taken first place among the heavy industries of Germany without having added much of its own.

The Goering trust, started as a contribution to the iron sector of German war economy, has become, under the impetus of its ambitious leaders, an instrument for absorbing the spoils of territorial conquest and a weapon against the most powerful group of private industry in Germany proper. Its function to-day is not so much to create new production capacity or to integrate disparate enterprises as to wrest the direction and ownership of well-integrated properties from the hands of whatever opposition there may be. There may well arise eventually that "greatest enterprise in the world" of which the Marshal has spoken.

—Social Research, U.S.A.

## Mustard—

Mustard has an almost endless number of strange uses. Did you know that mustard keeps mice away, stimulates the one production of poultry keep pests off the ground, cleans sink drains? That two ounces of mustard in your car radiator help to stop leaks?

That mustard removes ink stains, is good for dogs with distemper, and that a stiff paste will clean your silver, or keep loose tiles in place?

—Pitt-Rivers, London



## Taking His Wit

A man who had had a slight motor-riding accident, which necessitated the application of sticking-plaster to his nose, was called upon to interview the local newspaper of town.

"Had an accident to your nose?" the latter asked sympathetically.

"No," said the taxpayer shortly, "I've been paying through it for so long that it has given way under the strain."

—Pettifor, London.

SEEING  
IS  
BELIEVING!



Australian Radiotron Valves,  
fitted in your set, is your assurance  
that replacements are available  
when necessary.

## RADIOTRON VALVES

will give full tone realism to your radio

**DISTRIBUTORS:**

Refrigerated Wireless (A/val) Ltd.  
SYDNEY and MELBOURNE

Australian General Electric  
Proprietary Ltd.  
SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE,  
ADELAIDE and HOBART

HELP US YOU HAVE  
BUY ALL YOURS...

**WAR SAVINGS  
CERTIFICATES**

# THE NEW MOTIVE FORCE

*At last has arrived a power unit that may mean  
between automobile, railway and air transport*

H. DYSEN CARTER, M.Sc., A.C.I.C.

Deep inside a mountain cave near the city of Neuchâtel in Switzerland there is running today a machine that promises to turn the oil and coal industries topsy-turvy. It is the world's first practical gas turbine. If the foreign correspondents hadn't been glued to their phones in Basle, the press might have had a few cables from Neuchâtel. But the bomb-proof cave went unnoticed. Anyway, what is a gas turbine? It is so different to anything we have today that the soldiers and Junior Leaguers who are finding out what makes mechanized units run will soon have to learn all over again.

The Swiss have given the world a new Prime Mover. Any machine that converts energy into motion is a prime mover, steam engines, petrol engines, diesel oil engines, electric motors and so on. There are very few left told, because prime movers are distinguished not by details of design but by fundamental operating principles.

A flash outline of modern prime movers employing heat energy would start with the simple steam engine. Here fuel is burned to produce steam under pressure. The steam pushes the moving piston of a cylinder one full stroke, after which the piston comes back for

the next push. A variety of mechanical devices transforms the push-pull into useful motion. When we come to steam turbines we find the steam forcing continuously from jets against the blades of a wheel spinning at high speed. In both cases, however, the steam and the fuel used to produce it are entirely separate inside the engine. The internal combustion engine changed that picture. In a petrol motor the fuel is burned explosively right inside the cylinder, and pushes directly on the piston. The same applies to diesel, except that here the spark plugs are eliminated by compressing air so hot that it explodes the injected fuel at contact.

The logical step from here is our gas turbine. This machine has really been a hundred years on the way from idea to working model. In theory it would consist of an explosion chamber burning fuel and air, and blocking the hot gases against the vases of a turbine. The Patent Offices of every country have thick files on such engines, none of them "practical" for the main reason that prejudice turned them down. Now the Swiss engine not only works but drives a 4,000-kilowatt electric generator. And the news is that Alpine locomotives will soon be coming 'round these

## Save Petrol



change now to

# Mobiloil Arctic

*The World's Quality Winter Oil*





high mountains, powered with mountain gas turbines.

We must go back of the engineering stage to understand why the gas turbine is important mechanical news. This engine is far simpler than any steam, petrol or diesel motor. It consists of a single combustion chamber, cylindrical in shape. Beneath this is mounted an air compressor, an electric generator and the turbine, all in line on one rotating shaft. At one end there is a small electric starting motor. Operation is beautifully simplified. The starter which the rotating air compressor (really a blower fan), the hot compressed air enters the combustion chamber where it steadily ignites the oil, and the burned gases pass down to spin the turbine. Once started the engine rapidly reaches top speed. The generator is simply one means of making use of the turbine; if desired it can be eliminated.

The simplification of this design must be clear to anyone who had seen the wards of a big diesel or steam plant. With the gas turbine there is only one revolving shaft. No moving parts come into contact with the combustion chamber. There is absolutely no reciprocating motion, and no valves, cams, pumps, pistons, crank-shafts, controls, oil reservoir or cooling system. No cooling system!

Here, indeed, we have the remarkable feature of the new prime mover. Not only is there no water used for propellant (steam) but not even any water to prevent overheating. The gas turbine is completely unclad. Apart from its exhaust, it gives out no heat. This is the secret of its mechanical ap-

peal. The new engine at last brings our machine age close to the thermodynamic ideal of perfect efficiency.

Thermodynamics is a private preserve of mathematical wizards. However, its basic law relating to engines is simple enough. This tells us that the maximum amount of work which can be done by a heat engine for a given amount of fuel burned, depends upon two things, the highest and the lowest temperatures at which the engine operates. In other words the hotter the steam going into a steam engine, and the cooler the steam passing out its exhaust, the more work that engine will do per ton of fuel burned. Similarly with an automobile motor, the hotter we can run it without raising valves and pistons, and the cooler the wasted exhaust gases, the more miles per gallon for the family bus.

In the last quarter century engineers have steadily tried to reach the ideal. To-day steam turbines see run as hot as dull red heat, compared to old locomotives whose boilers would hardly fry an egg. Airplane motors are veritable infernos. But neither these nor the best diesel even approach perfection. Why? Simply because the perfect engine must operate at a temperature no less than the heat of the flame supplying its energy.

Obviously, steam is not nearly so hot as the searing temperature of the boiler. And no petrol engine could induce the searing heat of its fuel explosions, if the cylinder walls were not rapidly cooled by water or air strokes. But the new gas turbine is different. In it the exploding gases pass directly to the

**MAKE LIFE  
WORTH  
WHILE-**



**BEFORE DINNER**  
*The most appetizing draught of*  
**YENDARRA SHERRY**



**AFTER DINNER**  
*The most delicious of*  
**VINTAGE 99 PORT**

OBTAINABLE  
EVERYWHERE

**McWILLIAM'S WINES Pty. Ltd.**  
*for "The Wines of Good Taste"*

working turbine and so are almost at flame temperature. The gases are cooled only in the process of doing work by pushing the turbine around. Hence the device scores the highest efficiency figure yet recorded.

In actual practice the steam turbine has by no means reached its limit. The difficulty lies in the fact that above three thousand degrees (Fahrenheit) the present working temperature, turbine blades tend to expand and clip the steel shell. As soon as alloys are developed for the new engine its temperature can be rised towards eight thousand degrees. This is the theoretical limit for most fuels. It is unlikely for many years that turbines will be built to stand over five thousand, which is better than bright white heat.

A most interesting feature of the gas turbine is that it depends upon explosion volume rather than pressure. In to-day's petrol motors the great pressure developed by the explosion forces the piston down. But in the gas turbine the "explosion" is continuous. The pressure never rises. When the hot compressed air burns with the fuel oil there is an increase in volume of gas. The escape of this bulky mixture whirls the turbine.

Checking back over the Swiss invention, we see that the new engine is very compact. Its construction is simple and foolproof, with few parts. Its motion is completely rotary. It needs no water for steam

or cooling. It delivers more power for fuel contained than any heat engine yet devised. And it is operating a full-sized commercial electric plant.

But this is not all the story. The Neuchâtel turbine burns the crudest cheapest fuel oil. It can easily be adapted to burn powdered coal, the most economic fuel known. For years designers have been trying for a diesel motor that could burn coal dust. Coal dust is explosive. It will even drive a petrol motor, with proper attachments. But the finely residue from the burning coal soon ruins the cylinders and gets into the lube oil. No such difficulty exists with the gas turbine. Low grade coal dust can be burned in its combustion chamber. Thus the world's cheapest fuel is made available for operating the most efficient engine—a remarkable combination.

This may spell sudden death for the diesel engine. If the planned gas turbine locomotives are a success on Switzerland's terrible Alpine grades, then crack railway locomotives will soon change over from oil to powdered coal, from diesel to turbine. A prolonged air war, with its drain on oil reserves, may mean rapid extension of the turbine for marine use. It is clear, too, that an area gas turbine is on the way.

The possible efficiency of the new engine, its simplicity, low cost, and the cheap fuels used, promise a power revolution.

—Saturday Night, Toronto.

A questionnaire sent out to members of the Wellesley College class of 1936 to gather information for the forthcoming twenty-fifth anniversary album has blanked the names of two husbands and six children.—"New Yorker," U.S.A.

# IPANA IS THE DENTISTS' PERSONAL CHOICE 3 TO 1 OVER ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE!



Help yourself to firmer gums, brighter teeth with Ipana and massage — the tooth paste used by three times as many dentists as any other dentifrice!

HAVE YOU heard about the recent survey? Well, it was an independent survey conducted among dentists throughout the Commonwealth.

Thus one big fact stood out! . . .

Three times as many dentists personally use Ipana as any other dental preparation — paste or powder. In fact, more than the next three dentifrices combined!

What a remarkable tribute to Ipana! From those who know most about the proper care of teeth and gums — the dentists of Australia.

Why not give your teeth, your gums, your smile, daily care with the same dentifrice that so many dentists themselves use? For Ipana is specially designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly — but, with massage, to aid the gums to health.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your chemist's to-day! And start now to let the modern dental health routine of Ipana and massage help you to have firmer gums, brighter teeth — a more attractive smile!

SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to detect and check any uncontrolled dental defects.

CHANGE TO **Ipana** TOOTH PASTE AND GUM MASSAGE

Check at a chemist's for producing maximum "tooth" is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY. Registered Trade Mark. Super Size 1 1/2".



# HISTORY

## IN THE MAKING

**APRIL 23:** From Greece came news that the Allied Defence was cracking on the Albanian front, said Greece's King George, his forces had expected. Meantime, Greece's Government moved itself short-quick to Crete. In North Africa, German troops which had swept along the northern coast were halted at the Egyptian frontier. Meantime, British troops were pouring into Iraq.

**APRIL 24:** Already, according to German reports, British troops were beginning to evacuate Greece. There was little news of the campaign, except from German sources. Germany was bringing diplomatic pressure on Turkey. In North Africa, according to British sources, the Italo-German troops had been driven back to Bardia. At Brno, R.A.F. planes were still trying to hit Germany's two battleships.

**APRIL 25:** British were withdrawing from Greece, occupying oil centres in Iraq, air-raiding German naval bases, holding Tobruk, clearing up Abyssinia.

**APRIL 26:** Although Germany was making evacuation of Greece a hot business, it went on methodically with surprisingly few losses. Attention was turning to Spain; U.S.A.'s President Roosevelt gave orders for his ships to patrol far into the Atlantic.

**APRIL 27:** Athens was occupied by German troops; most Allied forces were well away from Greek soil, public opinion in Britain was pakenast. Tobruk still held; R.A.F. machines raided Berlin.

**APRIL 28:** In Greece, the evacuation's last stages were being fought. Over to Britain had come all Greece's shipping. In his House of Commons, Prime Minister Churchill gave out reassuring words, promised more news in future campaigns.

**APRIL 29:** In Greece, German aircraft were doing their level best to bomb evacuating British troops; just over Egypt's frontier, Italo-German troops occupied Solima; in Abyssinia, mopping-up was still going forward. Across the English Channel, British and German long-range guns blasted at each other for 3½ hours.

**APRIL 30:** In London's House of Commons, Prime Minister Churchill announced that at least 41,000 troops (out of about 60,000) had been successfully brought away from Greece. To Libya, Germany was sending jam-packed troop-planes. For the fifth time in one night, Myrauzah was heavily raided.

**MAY 1:** Said British G.H.Q., at Cairo, at least 80 per cent of Britain's forces had been withdrawn successfully from Greece. Meantime, more and more German reinforcements were being pumped in to North Africa. Tobruk still held, despite assaults. The R.A.F. was over Berlin.

**MAY 2:** Out of Greece, as the dust cleared, most troops had apparently

come, but little mechanised equipment. In Iraq, Iraqi troops began firing on British, British troops retreated. In U.S.A., the convey question was being widely discussed.

**MAY 3:** In Iraq things were warming up considerably; British planes were bombing Iraqi troops; Iraqi troops were shelling British air-dromes. Hamburg was blasted by R.A.F. machines, U.S.A. was getting perilously close to war with Germany.

**MAY 4:** At Baira (Iraq) rebel troops opposed disembarkation of British reinforcements; British grabbed the airport, docks, power-station, drove out the rebels. Fuehrer Hitler said he had taken more than 9,000 British and Anzio troops in the Balkans.

**MAY 5:** There was little news trickling out of Iraq; only thing definite was that fighting was still in progress. Squashed was another enemy attack on Tobruk; Axis troops lost 10 tanks. German bombers attacked North Ireland and Merseyside, doing great damage. R.A.F. bombers slipped at Brno again.

**MAY 6:** In Iraq, the R.A.F. had dazed most of rebel-leader Rashid Ali's air-force, wrecked most of his airfields.

**MAY 7:** After a two-day war-differt debate, including clashes over the conduct of the Balkan campaign, London's House of Commons passed a confidence vote (447 to 3). In U.S.A., question of conveying was getting more and more publicity.

**MAY 8:** At Lake Habbaniyah, R.A.F. machines landed British gunners and guns. In North Africa, things had quietened off somewhat. In Britain, there was still exultation over the downing of 23 German night-bombers, bringing the week's total to 73—on all time high.

**MAY 9:** In the Indian Ocean, cruiser H.M.S. Cornwall, based on the tail of a German cruiser, sank it. According to shoddy reports, British troops were pushing Iraqi troops back. Germany was pressing France into closer collaboration.

**MAY 10:** In North Africa, German troops made another assault on Tobruk, were thrown back again. Air-raiding over both Germany and Britain were becoming fiercer, heavier.

**MAY 11:** In a London raid, previous night, casualties were heavy, ruin widespread when 10,000 incendiary bombs were dropped. R.A.F. and R.N. units plastered Benghazi.

**MAY 12:** Westminster Abbey, Parliament House, the British Museum suffered in London's worst 1940 raid (10 May). On same night, British planes gave Hamburg, Bremen, London, Rotterdam Docks a good shelling. In the Far East, there was some Japanese demand for an end to the Sino-Japanese conflict.

**MAY 13:** In Britain, the Government announced that, three days previously, a German plane had crashed in Scotland. It contained (Continued back to last-minute forms—Page 72)

# ★ BOOKS ★

A mixture was last month's book. It included *Let It's a Boy* (four dozen 70s, x km, pages of sketches, without commentary, picturing the comedy of childbirth), *It's 'Ard to Keep Straight in the City* (four dozen pages of comic verse dedicated to "The Troops"), *Master Cautious-Mister Collaghan* (210 pages of mystery and crime in short-stories), 100,000,000 *After—if we Choose* (one of Publisher Gollan's victory-book bombards with which he is plussing Britain and Britain's slub-lazy, half-hearted warbores).

*Let It's a Boy* (4/6) was sketched by an American woman named Betty Bacon Blunt. It traces pregnancy from the gleam in the father's eye to the birth of two girls.

*Let It's a Boy* is mildly humorous, could have done with a great deal of sub-editing, would have wasted a lot less paper had it been printed on about twelve pages.

*It's 'Ard to Keep Straight in the City*. Already, pseudonymous poetess Kay Grant has carved a niche for herself with her faintly transmutary *It's 'Ard to Go Writing in the Solerbo* (3 editions).

— *to Keep Straight* is good jangle, easily readable, often jarring view of the kind you like to stagger over. One of the best.

"Rock-a-bye baby in cradle old pattern,  
Father's a drunkard and Mother's a slattern,

Brother's a gongster and Su has a man,  
You're booked for Sing Sing so rock while you can!

"Rock-a-bye baby, take him out to dream,  
Of pineapples, time-bombs and women's drill across.  
Daddy will fix you a nice tummy-gun,  
So rock-a-bye baby, you'll have lots of fun!"

Australian poetess Grant's second effort should sell as well, if not better, than her first.

*Mister Cautious-Mister Collaghan* (8/6). One of the first-waters is crime-fictioneer Peter Cheyney. He (according to his publishers) knows most of the world's big-shot crooks personally, maintains his own crime-detection laboratory, pays many stooges to keep him informed on criminal matters.

In his latest book he has crammed many short stories with Lennox Carrion, undefeatable, man-getting detective who is never at a loss with the ladies, never hoodwinked for long by the crooks—no matter how crook they be.

*Mister Cautious, etc.*, lives up to the pace Cheyney has set himself.

100,000,000 *After — if we Choose* (4/1), by "Scipio," is one of the most important books of the last war—erast twelve months. It makes easy flat statements, picks many holes in the present British conduct of the war, gives a constructive suggestion for every accusation or criticism it brings down on leading British heads.

Said the liberal, cosmopolitan *New Statesman* of "Scipio's" dam-

# A Scotch Regiment



PROUDLY LINED UP  
TO PROTECT YOUR  
HEALTH & PLEASURE



Don't be Vague  
**Say HAIG!**

DISTILLED BY \* \* \* \* \*  
JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD. MARRINCH, SCOTLAND.

AGENTS  
TODDMEY LTD

belied, high-pressure book: (It outlines) "... a tremendous programme. The only thing a sane man can work for..."

Most critics when they start about their job of criticising are impatient, hot-headed, virulent—as critics should be. "Scipio," however, will have none of this. He takes each point carefully, cuts it open as disinterestedly as a surgeon wielding his knife, holds it up for inspection.

After his lecture, at the book's end, he draws his conclusions, makes his points crystal-clear. His main theme: The crying need for British revolutionary Fifth Column activity in Europe, to pave the way for a British invasion of that continent.

Says he: "Today, we in Britain still have on our side the vast power of the British Commonwealth, and we have within this island the nucleus of Europeans that we need for our task of organising a new social order. If we do not keep them in intermittent camps, we have had men and women who understand the weaknesses, as well as the strength, of Fascist Italy, and who have struggled to organise revolution in Italy ever since the march on Rome; we have scores of workers who have risked torture and death through years of underground struggle in Nazi Germany; we have Spaniards who fought for liberty throughout Franco's civil war; we have Scandinavians, Dutchmen, Czechs, Poles and Frenchmen..."

"We shall not get through, unless every private interest and privilege is subordinated to the common good. And yet, where all are

agreed, the Government has to feel its way with the utmost caution towards those drastic changes in our economic and social systems which alone can give us victory. And when impatient critics urge that the pace should be quickened, they always meet the same reply: 'This is not a Labor Government, relying on a Labor majority; it is a Coalition Government in a House of Commons predominantly Tory. We cannot go as fast as we should like, or we might lose the confidence of the House.'

"... our message to Europe should be this. Hitler has been destined by history to be the whirlwind which has swept away an old and corrupt order.... To fight him we have had to pull ourselves together.... We do not ask you to accept our leadership because we are a rich, imperial people. On the contrary, we invite you to join in our war against tyranny because we are now going to sacrifice those riches in that cause of freedom which we all have in common.

"You ask us what we have to offer you when the battle is done? We reply, 'Freedom and work—on equal terms for all. Freedom to think, to practise our own religion—or no religion, to study, to form Trade Unions in defence of our working rights, but not freedom to exploit others, to bully them or to obtain privileges which injure our neighbors.'"

The book is tremendous. Many of its suggestions have been already adopted in Britain. Perhaps, soon, the rest will follow. (Our copies Angus & Robertson, Ltd., Sydney.)

*Grenadier underwear is very good indeed!*

The complete Grenadier range of men's wear, comprising socks, pajamas and underwear, is manufactured in Australia by the famous Lister Mills.

# ★ SHOWS ★

## ... NEW SHADOWS

Great is the marvel that Britons can continue to turn out films, books, etc., as though nothing was happening. Greater still, however, is the fact that they find time and courage to turn out comedy-films.

Latest is home-filmed George Formby's *Call A Cop*. Character actor Formby, as a War Reserve Policeman with ambition to get into the Flying Squad, has to undergo some trials before promotion.

High-geared are the action sequences, thrilling as they are funny. Included: Bucking motor-bikes, Trampolines set on a music-hall stage, miniature car which tips under horses and horses.

Rating: Good

To the cause of aviation, Paramount is contributing a first-hand story of training and tactics in the U.S. Army Air Corps. *I Wanted Wings*. The picture was filmed at Randolph and Kelly and March Fields under supervision of the U.S. War Department.

It's Air-ops: Four flying cadets, two girls, manoeuvres, 1,600 "planes" taking the air. Adapted by Laurence Combs, Frank Wood, *I Wanted Wings* (from the book of same name) co-stars Ray Milland, William Holden, Wayne Morris, Brian Donlevy, honey-haired, shapely newcomer Virginia Lake (sultry, sinuous night-club singer), Constance Moore.

Jam-packed with all the emotional elements which made the

original novel so popular, Universal's production of Fanny Hurst's *Back Street*, starring Charles Boyer and Margaret Sullivan, is one of the most astounding pictures of this season.

The story: A frowny, groove-worn Maine place that tells of a girl who is content to live in the shadowy back streets of a great man's life, sacrificing all to help him in his career, suffering from loneliness which is her lot, while he is busy with family and business affairs.

Only superb acting, incredibly careful directing could lift such a story into the realm of good film-making. Universal has done this, and more.

Powerful in the heavy scenes, Boyer and Sullivan give our performances which rank well up among the best yet presented on the screen.

## ... PLAY

Last month, after Manager David Merrick had built his *Milkers* theatre up to something good, educated persons flock to habitually to see his shows, put things on a profitable basis, a new company moved in.

Headed by Australian-born playwright Alton Coppel aimed to produce: "... every new play in England and America," hoped to: "... present world premieres of plays which cannot at the moment be presented in London."

The company's first contribution: *Slack*, well-produced crime-comedy Mr. Smart Guy, by author-producer Coppel himself. Its second: *Possibly Rebecca*.

# Look on the Bright Side!



A soft, bright glow has a depressing effect even on the most gloomy spirits. Osram's "win the day" is bright, cheerful surroundings—where an Osram Lamp is "win day"—Osram's Colored-Glass Lamps give up to 20% more light without using extra electricity.



# Osram

## THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Osram Lamps are made in Australia by the General Electric Co. Ltd. of England—imported by their sole Australian Representative—Messrs. General Electric Co. Pty. Ltd.

# POTPOURRI



## • • • IT'S A DOG LIFE

A stranger was standing on the platform of a small railway station when the Northern express flashed past. Into the whirl of dust raised by the train leaped the station-master's dog, and tore madly up the track in pursuit.

"Does your dog often do that?" asked the stranger of the station-master.

"Yes, sir. Every time the express passes, the dog is after it like a hare."

"That's queer," commented the stranger. "Why does he do it?"

"I don't know," replied the dog's owner, scratching his head thoughtfully. "What worries me is what he's going to do with it when he gets it!"

—*TW-Bits, London, England.*

## • • • CHANGE PLACES

Two Saint Bernard dogs got lost in a blizzard near Buffalo, U.S.A. Many carriages offered to crawl out into the storm with bottles of Benedictine tied around their necks.—*Punch, London.*

## • • • BUSINESS AS USUAL

"Put up your hands!" commanded the larger of two bandits who had stopped the motor-coach. "We're going to rob the gentle and kind all the ladies."

"No," remonstrated the small one gallantly. "We'll rob the men all right, but we'll leave the ladies alone."

"Young man," snapped a woman passenger of uncertain age, "wind your own business! Your friend's mugging this hold-up!"—*Tatler, London.*

## • • • SOON OLD DAYS

Grandfather: "Nowadays I never see a girl blush. In my day it was different."

Grand-daughter: "Why, Grand-pa! Whatever did you tell them?"—*Ohio Pretextory News, Columbus.*

## • • • TIPS ON IODINE

The nature of iodine in the medicine cabinet is quite a powerful chemical and will attack most metals, including iron. You can use iodine to "write" on metals; it is, in fact, a kind of etching.

Warm the metal surface you want to write on, and then drop a bit of hot candle grease upon it. Hold the lit candle to the spot until the grease has run and completely covered the surface with a thin layer. Let this cool and, with a pin, scratch your initials or other writing in the grease.

Now pour on a drop of tincture of iodine. Let it stand awhile. Rub off iodine and wax, to disclose the initials clearly etched into the metal itself.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer, U.S.A.*

## • • • WEARING THE PANTS

Somebody at the War Office has been directed to inform all officers commanding battalions or com-



"I was't understandin' it. I pestered all the barn yard, it must 'mean'!"

spending some that troops are not unanimous in the belief that the recent issue of pants, long, woolen, winter, are most congenial winter wear.

It is, therefore, requested (says the letter) that commanders should ascertain whether their troops would prefer to wear drawers, short, cellular, summer, or drawers, short, woolen, during the winter. Will commanders also state the number of men who would like to wear drawers, short, cellular, summer, during the summer months and pants, long, woolen, winter, during the winter months.—*Evening Standard, London.*

### • • • WAS THERE AN EXPLOSION?

I was going down a street in London. There were no buses, no cars, no pedestrians. When I got to the end a policeman saluted me and said "You walked over a time bomb, sir." I said: "Why didn't you say so?" He replied: "Oh, we recognized you, sir."—*Lord Trenchard, former Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.*

### • • • AM I A NEW TYPIST (ET)

There is an impression that shorthand, stenotypy, and typing are a woman's work, but it's a strangely illogical notion. Most of the court reporters, shock troops of the stenographic vocation, are men. A majority of speed and accuracy records are held by men. These, of course, are only the more obvious qualifications of a secretary. The faculty of composing routine letters and transcribing dictated letters depends principally on a good working familiarity with English, and here again we find that on the

whole men make better journalists and writers than women.

—*Rafelson, U.S.A.*

### • • • MY LIFE'S MY OWN

For Babes . . .

I hereby declare my right to look like myself. I resent having every friend, relative and stranger who views me for the first time immediately announce: "Why he looks exactly like we-and-so."

I declare my right to be myself in everything I do, whether in babyhood or childhood, instead of having some parent or grandparent announce: "You're just as stubborn as your grandfather."

I declare my desire for freedom from kissing, feeding, too much handling on the part of adoring relatives.

I declare my right to live a normal, healthy life and to grow when, as, and how I please without being trained.

For Mothers . . .

I will do my utmost to give my baby every advantage, physical and mental, that I can afford, but I will not become a slave and make sacrifices that leave me flat, broke and spiritless.

When I meet strangers, whether they express interest in the baby or not, I shall try not to bore them with accounts of my troubles, activities, or incomes.

I demand at least one room in the house that does not bear evidences of a baby around.

I shall try to find at least one-half a day to devote to my personal appearance and I shall try to remain friend, mate and companion to my husband.—*Ruth Leigh in Baby Talk, U.S.A.*





The teacher asked him to get to work.

"I'm not ready yet," Charles answered.

After another long period the boy still had not started to write, and the teacher said crossly, "Why don't you get to work? Your brother will be through before you even start."

Just then the principal came in and asked where the examination questions were. Joe had been waiting for them in his office for almost half an hour. As soon as his brother was given the questions, Charles started writing. The twins wrote simultaneously, finished together, and came back to the classroom together.

Their papers were identical, the principal reported. The same words, the same syntax, the same grammar and, strangest of all, the same mistakes!—Richard T. Watson, in *Youth To-day*, U.S.A.

#### • • • COST OF LIVING

So far as children are concerned one result of the war has been to lessen the purchasing power of their pocket-money. Until recently a halfpenny was of some little use to a child, but it is becoming less and less so as prices keep soaring. Where it will now buy anything at all in the worst line it will not buy much, and one can sympathize with the little boy who, after being told that he couldn't have a ha'porth of that, that, and the other, was leaving the shop when he was called back and told that he had left his halfpenny on the counter. "Oh," was his remark, "it doesn't matter, I can't buy anything with it."—*Manchester Guardian, England*.

#### • • • OLD GLORY

Many people are convinced that when George Washington adopted the Stars and Stripes as the National Flag of his country, the idea came from a little village in Yorkshire. In the year 1521, in the old posting town of Ripon on the Great North Road lived one William Horner, the chief citizen or workman.

Like most Yorkshiremen, Horner was proud of his home town and specially proud of the spurs made by his fellow-citizens.

Horner's descendants took more than a passing interest in these spurs, and when one adventurous youth decided to emigrate to America he took a collection with him. On arrival he named the spot where he settled, Ripon. It was here he exhibited the spur rowels from the mother country.

To-day, the inhabitants of Ripon, Wisconsin, are convinced that Washington took the stars for the flag from the design of these spur rowels.

Washington was proud of his descent, and his own ornamental bearings were made up of three stars—the Ripon rowels—and three stripes.—*Everybody's, London*.

#### • • • WRONG DIRECTION

The old colored man had fought in the Cuban War and had drawn a pension ever since. While he was laboriously writing his name in the space for the penny, the bank clerk perked remarked that it must be nice to draw a pension for life just for drawing a few Spanish words.

"Boon," replied Ruston, "you got me wrong. I wasn't the chaser; I was the chaise."—*Teller, London*.



**IN DEFENCE OF FREEDOM**

**IT'S THE WEEKLY HELP THAT MAKES US STRONG!**

It's the weekly contributions—the payments from your weekly envelope—that count in the smothering of the Axis. But remember, also, that every 10/- you invest NOW in War Savings Certificates will mean £1 to YOU when the war is over. Where War Savings Certificates are concerned—hold all you have and buy all you can! not only for Australia's sake—but your own.

**WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES**

**HOLD ALL YOU HAVE—BUY ALL YOU CAN**

SPEAK NO RUMOUR

HEAR NO RUMOUR

BELIEVE NO RUMOUR